THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME SIXTH.

Containing

KING HENRY VIII.
CORIOLANUS,
JULIUS CÆSAR,
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Dramatick WORKS of William Shakespear

PRINTED COMPLETE

From the best Editions of

Samuel Johnson

GEORGE STEVENS

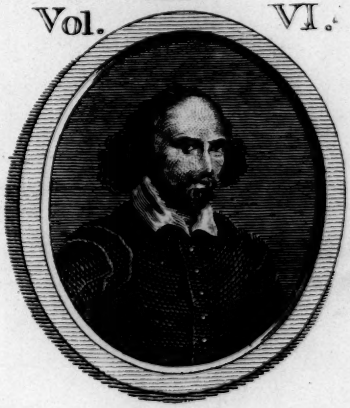
And

E. Malone,

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

Vol. VI.



Paton fcu Kirkwood Sculp.

EDINBURGH

PRINTED for W. GORDON. N. R. CHEYNE. I. & I. FAIRBAIRN. & SILVESTER. DOIG. Edinburgh. I. LACKINGTON. London. W. COKE. Leith. & W. ANDERSON. Stirling. MDCCXCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

KING HENRY VIII.

Dramatis Personae

MEN.

King *Henry* the Eighth,
Cardinal *Wolsey*.
Cardinal *Campeius*.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of *Norfolk*.
Duke of *Buckingham*.
Duke of *Suffolk*.
Earl of *Surrey*.
Lord Chamberlain.
Sir *Thomas Audley*, Lord Keeper.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of *Lincoln*.
Lord *Abergavenny*.
Lord *Sands*.
Sir *Henry Guildford*.
Sir *Thomas Lovel*.
Sir *Anthony Denny*.
Sir *Nicholas Vaux*.
Sir *William Sands*.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Dr. *Butts*, Physician to the King,
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

WOMEN.

Queen *Katharine*.
Anne Bullen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers. Guards, and other Attendants.

The *Scene* lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbalton,

HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Antichamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one Door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

Made Britain, India: every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfiſh pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this maſk
Was cry'd incomparable; and the enſuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them; him in eye,
Still him in praiſe: and, being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid, they ſaw but one; and no diſcerner
Durſt wag his tongue in cenſure. When theſe ſuns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs; that former fabulous ſtory,
Being now ſeen poſſible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour honeſty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal;
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Diſtinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?

Nor. One, certes, that promiſes no element
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a keech can with his very bulk

'Take

Take up the rays o' the beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends:
For, being not propt by anceſtry (whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way), nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants, but, ſpider-like,
Out of his ſelf-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who ſhould attend on him; He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Muſt fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,

The peace between the French and us not values
The coſt that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and, not conſulting, broke
Into a general prophecy—That this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate?

Buck. Why, all this buſineſs
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I adviſe you
(And take it from a heart that wiſhes towards you
Honour and plenteous ſafety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A miniſter in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge: it's long, and, it may be ſaid,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the Purſe borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's ſurveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.

Wol. Is he in perſon ready?

Secr. Ay, pleaſe your grace.

Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall leſſen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Aſk God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your diſeaſe requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter againſt me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-ſtare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about: To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt: Anger is like
A full-hot horſe; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can adviſe me like you: be to yourſelf,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipſwich fellow's inſolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no perſons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot

That

That it do ſinge yourſelf: We may out-run,
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſtes it? Be advis'd:
I ſay again, there is no Engliſh ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your preſcription;—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.

Nor. Say not, treaſonous.

Buck. To the king I'll ſay't; and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to ſhew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, ſuggeſts the king our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, the interview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i' the rinſing.

Nor. 'Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This cunning car-dinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolſey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treaſon)---Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd e'er he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
E'er it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whiteſt part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company:—The king
[*To* ABERG.
Is pleas'd, you ſhall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke ſaid,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleaſure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confeſſor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor—

Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My ſurveyor is falſe; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold: my life is ſpann'd already:
I am the ſhadow of poor Buckingham;
Whoſe figure even this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun.—My lord, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber. Cornet. Enter King HENRY, *leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir* THOMAS LOVEL. *The Cardinal places himſelf under the King's Feet, on his right Side.*

King. My life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us

That

That gentleman of Buckingham's: in perſon
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify;
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A Noiſe within, crying, Room for the Queen, *Enter the Queen, uſhered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *ſhe kneels. The King riſeth from his State, takes her up, kiſſes, and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.

King. Ariſe, and take your place by us:—Half your ſuit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, e'er you aſk, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majeſty.
That you would love yourſelf; and, in that love,
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am ſolicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commiſſions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although, [*To* WOLSEY
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of theſe exactions, yet the king our maſter
(Whoſe honour heaven ſhield from ſoil!) even he eſcapes
Language unmannerly, yea, ſuch which breaks [not
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almoſt appears;
It doth appear: for, upon theſe taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

And

And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King.

King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues—which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through. We muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever,
As ravenous fiſhes, do a veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft,
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt act. If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit, or ſit
State ſtatues only.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear;
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe, not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the ſap. To every country,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commiſſion: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every ſhire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our interceſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes: I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am ſorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf. Yet ſee,
When theſe ſo noble benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, ſo complete,
Who was inroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,
Almoſt with raviſh'd liſt'ning, could not find
His hour of ſpeech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you ſhall hear
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold ſpirit relate what you,
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. Firſt, It was uſual with him, every day
It would infect his ſpeech, That, if the king
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry it ſo
To make the ſceptre his: Theſe very words
I have heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,

Lord

Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Pleaſe your highneſs, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wiſh, to your high perſon
His will is moſt malignant; and it ſtretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confeſſor; who fed him every minute
With words of ſovereignty.

King. How know'ſt thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highneſs ſped to France,
The duke being at the Roſe, within the pariſh
Saint Lawrence Pountney, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Preſently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the confeſſion's ſeal
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that, what he ſpoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter, with demure confidence
This pauſingly enſu'd—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke), ſhall proſper: bid him ſtrive

For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.

King. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illuſions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
'To ruminate on this ſo far, until [for him
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He anſwer'd, *Tuſh!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, ſo rank? Ah, ha!
There's miſchief in this man:—Canſt thou ſay further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highneſs had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer—

King. I remember
Of ſuch a time:—Being my ſworn ſervant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. *If,* quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The uſurper Richard: who, being at Saliſbury,
Made ſuit to come in his preſence; which if granted,
As he made ſemblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his highneſs live in freedom,
And this man out of priſon?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's ſomething more would out of thee;
What ſay'ſt?

Surv. After — *the duke his father*, — with — *the knife*—
He ſtretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on his breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath; whoſe tenor
Was—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irreſolute purpoſe.

King. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to preſent trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it poſſible, the ſpells of France ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?

Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are ſhrewd ones;
For, when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly,
Their very noſes had been counſellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep ſtate ſo.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones, one would take it,
That never ſaw them pace before, the ſpavin
And ſpringhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're going
(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em); now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-ſong,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current muſic too.

Cham. Well ſaid, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordſhip is a gueſt too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that ſaid other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal;
They are ſet here for examples.

Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones. My barge ſtays;
Your lordſhip ſhall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We ſhall be late elſe; which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night, to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to York-Place. Hautboys. A ſmall Table under a State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as Gueſts, at one Door; at another Door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As firſt-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVEL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet e'er they reſted,
I think, would better pleaſe 'em: By my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe!

Sands. I would I were;
They ſhould find eaſy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how eaſy?

Sands. As eaſy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir Harry,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you muſt not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, ſit between theſe ladies.

Sands.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordſhip.—By your leave, ſweet ladies:
[*Sits.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He would kiſs you twenty with a breath. [*Kiſſes her.*

Cham. Well ſaid, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly ſeated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *and takes his State.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?

Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

Anne. You are a merry gameſter,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play,
Here's to your ladyſhip: and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to ſuch a thing.—

Anne. You cannot ſhew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and Trumpets, Chambers diſcharg'd.*

Wol.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*All arise, and Tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace, for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Choose Ladies for the Dance.* *King*, *and* ANNE BULLEN.

King.

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty!
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Muſic. Dance.*

Wol. My lord—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em, by his perſon,
More worthy this place than myſelf; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the Company, and returns.*

Wol. What ſay they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me ſee then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen,—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair aſſembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I ſhould judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown ſo pleaſant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't pleaſe your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daugh-
The viſcount Rochford, one of her highneſs' women. [ter,

King. By heaven, ſhe is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To* ANNE BULLEN.
And not to kiſs you.—A health, gentlemen;
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol.

Wol. There's freſher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.——Sweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you :---Let's be merry ;---
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to theſe fair ladies, and a meaſure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour.---Let the muſic knock it.

[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral Doors.

1 *Gentleman.*

WHITHER away ſo faſt ?

2 *Gen.* O---God ſave you !
Even to the hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gen.* I'll ſave you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the priſoner.

2 *Gen.* Were you there ?

1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gen.* Pray, ſpeak, what has happen'd ?

1 *Gen.* You may gueſs quickly what.

2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty ?

1 *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gen.* I am ſorry for't.

1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, how paſs'd it ?

1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where, to his accuſations,
He pleaded ſtill, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes ; which the duke deſir'd

To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd againſt him, his ſurveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confeſſor to him; with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.

2 *Gen.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not:
And ſo his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar---to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment---he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely,
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelf again, and, ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.

2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not;
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: Firſt, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was ſent hither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal inſtantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and, o' my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courteſy;---

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment (Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the Edge toward him; Halbards on each Side)*; *accompanied with Sir* THOMAS LOVEL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common People, &c.*

2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; Yet heaven bear witneſs,
And, if I have conſcience, let it ſink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premiſes, but juſtice;
But thoſe, that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in miſchief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And liſt my ſoul to heaven.---Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beſeech your grace, for charity,

If

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.---Commend me to his grace;
And, if he ſpeak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, 'till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water ſide I muſt conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: ſee the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture, as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high conſtable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now ſeal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant Baniſter,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the ſeventh ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal prince,
Reſtor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the eight, life, honour, name, and all

That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yea thus far we are one in fortunes---Both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd moſt;
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heaven has an end in all. Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:——
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counſels,
Be ſure, you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I muſt now forſake you; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel:
And when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
Speak how I fell.---I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!---Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a ſeparation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gen.* Yes; but it held not:

For

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He ſent commaud to the lord mayor, ſtraight
To ſtop the rumour, and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 *Gen,* But that ſlander, Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, poſſeſſed him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this buſineſs.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his aſking,
The archbiſhopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

My lord---The horſes your lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſhed. They were young and handſome; and of the beſt breed in the north. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commiſſion and main power, took 'em from me; with this reaſon: His maſter ſhould be ſerv'd before a ſubject, if not before the king: which ſtopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cauſe?

Cham. It ſeems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.

Suf. No; his conſcience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis ſo;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of fortune,
Turns what he liſts. This king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.

Nor. How holily he works in all his buſineſs!
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's ſoul; and there ſcatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conſcience,
Fears, and deſpairs, and all theſe for his marriage;
And, out of all theſe to reſtore the king,
He counſels a divorce: a loſs of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of fortune falls,
Will bleſs the king: And is not this courſe pious?

Chamb. Heaven keep me from ſuch counſel! 'Tis moſt true,
Theſe news are ev'ry where; every tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into theſe affairs, ſee his main end,
The French king's ſiſter. Heaven will one day open

The

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man ; --
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike ; they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.--
My lord, you'll bear us company ?
Cham. Excuse me ;
The king hath sent me other-where : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there ? ha !
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
King. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust your-[selves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? ha !
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King.

King. You are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!---

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS *with a commiſſion.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?———O my Wol-
The quiet of my wounded conſcience, [ſey,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.---You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Moſt learned reverend Sir, into our kingdom;
Uſe us, and it:---My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* WOLSEY.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are buſy; go. [*To* NORF. *and* SUF.

Nor. This prieſt has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to ſpeak of;
I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue. *Aſide.*
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him,
Suf. I another. *Exeunt* NORF. *and* SUF.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wiſdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if he have any goodneſs,
The trial juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurſe of judgment,
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This juſt and learned prieſt, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I preſent unto your highneſs.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him wel-
And thank the holy conclave for their loves; [come
They have ſent me ſuch a man I would have wiſh'd for.

Cam.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding)---you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:---Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

CARDINAL *goes out, and re-enters with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
n this man's place before him?

Wol. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
ven of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough; for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.

King. Deliver this with modeſty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.

The moſt convenient place that I can think of,
For ſuch receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty buſineſs;
My Wolſey, ſee it furniſh'd.---O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So ſweet a bedfellow? But, conſcience, conſcience---
O, 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Anti-Chamber of the Queen's Apartments. Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither;---Here's the pang that pinches,
His highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her; and ſhe
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her---by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;---O now, after
So many courſes of the ſun enthron'd,
Still growing in majeſty and pomp---the which
To leave is a thouſand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis ſweet at firſt to acquire---after this proceſs,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monſter.

Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As ſoul and body's ſevering.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's ſtranger now again.

Anne,

Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her. Verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſy:
You, that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth---

Old L. Yes, troth and troth--You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you, [me,
What think you of a ducheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myſelf

Would

Would for Carnarvonſhire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The ſecret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your aſking:
Our miſtreſs' ſorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majeſty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you no leſs flowing
Than marchioneſs of Pembroke; to which title
A thouſand pounds a year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I ſhould tender;
More than my all, is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wiſhes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing handmaid to his highneſs;
Whoſe health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I ſhall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.---I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are ſo mingled, [*Aſide.*
That they have caught the king: And who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this iſle? I'll to the king,
And ſay I ſpoke with you.

And

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; ſee, ſee!
I have been begging ſixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any ſuit of pounds: and you, O fate!
A very freſh fiſh here (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is ſtrange to me.

Old L. How taſtes it? is it bitter? fortypence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old ſtory),
That would not be a queen, that would ſhe not,
For all the mud in Ægypt:---Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleaſant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioneſs of Pembroke!
A thouſand pounds a year! for pure reſpect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promiſes more thouſands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-ſkirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a ducheſs;—Say,
Are you not ſtronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourſelf mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows;
The queen is comfortleſs, and we forgetful
In our long abſence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.

A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets, Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſilver wands; next them, two

Scribes, in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the Biſhops of* LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and St.* ASAPH; *next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purſe, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver croſs; then a Gentleman-Uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a ſilver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great ſilver pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the ſword and mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals ſit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes place, ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the Court, in manner of a Conſiſtory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the Stage.*

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all ſides the authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.

Wol. Be't ſo:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come
Into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice,
And to beſtow your pity on me: for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, Sir,

In

In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike.
Yea, ſubject to your countenance; glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your deſire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been bleſt
With many children by you: If, in the courſe
And proceſs of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Againſt your ſacred perſon, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be queſtion'd
That they had gather'd a wiſe council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you, Sir, to ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whoſe counſel
I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal——
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think nor
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself, who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong.
I have

I have no ſpleen againſt you; nor injuſtice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole conſiſtory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is preſent; If it be known to him,
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove theſe thoughts from you: The which before
His highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak
To oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You ſign your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domeſtics to you, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual: That again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'ſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.---Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience!---pray you, paſs on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this buſineſs, my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that: Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government---
Obeying in commanding---and thy parts
Sovereign and pious elſe, could ſpeak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens:---She is noble born:
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried herſelf towards me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare, in hearing
Of all theſe ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfy'd), whether ever I
Did broach this buſineſs to your highneſs; or
Lay'd any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't? or ever
Have to you---but with thanks to God for ſuch
A royal lady---ſpake one the leaſt word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent ſtate,
Or touch of her good perſon?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by ſome of theſe

The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtify'd? you ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs; never
Deſir'd it to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The paſſages made toward it:---on my honour,
I ſpeak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,---
I will be bold with time, and your attention:---
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By the biſhop of Bayonne, then French ambaſſador;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progreſs of this buſineſs,
E'er a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean, the biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertiſe
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife? This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſs'd in with this caution. Firſt, methought;
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male-iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the beſt heir o' the world, ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in

The

The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Toward this remedy, whereuprn we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectify my conſcience—which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—Firſt, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppreſſion I did reek,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd yourſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfy'd me?

Lin. So pleaſe your highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me—
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread—that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel which I had, to doubt;
And did intreat your highneſs to this courſe,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons:—Unſolicited
I left no reverend perſon in this court;
But, by particular conſent, proceeded
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore, go on;
For no diſlike i'the world againſt the perſon
Of our good queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alleged reaſons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So pleaſe your highneſs,
The queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion

Made

Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holineſs. [*They riſe to depart.*

King. I may perceive,
Theſe cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belov'd ſervant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in Manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartments. The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my ſoul grows ſad with troubles;
Sing; and diſperſe them, if thou canſt: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themſelves, when he did ſing:
To his muſic, plants, and flowers,
Ever ſprung; as ſun, and ſhowers,
There had made a laſting ſpring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſic is ſuch art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. An't pleaſe your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the preſence.

Queen.

Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?
Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.
Queen. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They ſhould be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But, All hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highneſs!
Queen. Your graces find me here part of a houſe-wife;
I would be all, againſt the worſt may happen.
What are your pleaſures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it pleaſe you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.
Queen. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number), if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye ſaw 'em,
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo even: If your buſineſs
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. *Tanta eſt ergà te mentis integritas, regina ſereniſſima—*
Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious;
Pray, ſpeak in Engliſh: here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake;
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in Engliſh.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am ſorry my integrity ſhould breed

(And

(And ſervice to his majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions,
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My lord of York—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice, and his counſel.——

Queen. To betray me. [*Aſide.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men (pray God, ye prove ſo!)
But how to make you ſuddenly an anſwer,
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids: full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been (for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs), good your graces,
Let me have time, and counſel, for my cauſe;
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with theſe fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Engliſhman dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainſt his highneſs' pleaſure
(Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt),
And live a ſubject? Nay, forſooth, my friends,

They

They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cauſe into the king's protection;
He's loving, and moſt gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cauſe;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what you wiſh for both, my ruin:
Is this your chriſtian counſel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.

Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em; for ſhame, my lords, is this your comfort?
The cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries;
I have more charity: But ſay, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's ſake, take heed, leſt at once
The burden of my ſorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere diſtraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would ye have me
(If you have any juſtice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love, too, long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen

To

To me, above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe like this.

Cam. Your fears are worſe.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long—let me ſpeak myſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare ſay, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondneſs, ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her huſband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Queen. 'Woufd I had never trod this Engliſh earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almoſt no grave allow'd me:---Like the lily,
That once was miſtreſs of the field, and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honeſt,
You'd feel more comfort: why ſhould we, good lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it;

We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em.
For goodneſs' ſake, conſider what you do;
How you may hurt yourſelf, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends, and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo. You wrong your virtues
With theſe weak women's fears. A noble ſpirit,
As your's was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you loſe it not: For us, if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs, we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his majeſty:
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me: ſhe now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Anti-Chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter Duke of NORFOLK, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe

But

But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon,
Out of himſelf?

Cham. My lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures:
What he deſerves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His ſpell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettled,
Not to come off, in his diſpleaſure.

Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miſcarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did intreat his holineſs
To ſtay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,

My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.---But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have ſatisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom: ſhortly, I believe,
His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princeſs-dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This ſame Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's buſineſs.
Suf. He has; and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an archbiſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.
The cardinal——

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gav't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inſide of the paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did unſeal them; and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.--- [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It ſhall be to the ducheſs of Alençon,
The French king's ſiſter: he ſhall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair viſage.---Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens!---Speedily I wiſh
To hear from Rome.---The marchioneſs of Pembroke!—

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice! [ter,

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daugh-
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the queen's queen!---
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it;
Then, out it goes.---What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i' the boſom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething.

Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!---Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him: Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and ſtarts:
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground;
Then, lays his finger on his temple; ſtraight,
Springs out into the faſt gait; then, ſtops again,
Strikes his breaſt hard; and, anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the moon: in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found

There;

There; on my conſcience, put unwittingly?
Forſooth an inventory, thus importing---
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs, and ornaments of houſehold; which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual object, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His ſerious conſidering.

[*He takes his ſeat; and whiſpers* LOVEL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!---
Ever God bleſs your highneſs!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion,

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of buſineſs, which
I bear i' the ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my 'tendance to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Wol. And ever may your highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying?

King.

King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to ſay well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He ſaid, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*

Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true;
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What ſay you?

Wol. My ſovereign, I confeſs, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly anſwer'd;
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any; ſo your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,

Should,

Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profeſs,
That for your highneſs' good I never labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken your's.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken:---
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't.---Read o'er this;

[*Giving him Papers.*

And, after, this: and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* WOLSEY; *the Nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.*

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: ſo looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper;
I fear, the ſtory of his anger.---'Tis ſo;
This paper has undone me:---'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed to gain the popedom,
And ſee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this---*To the Pope?*

The

The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to his holineſs. Nay then, farewel!
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haſte now to my ſetting: I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man ſee me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK; *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleaſure, cardinal: who commands
To render up the great ſeal preſently [you
Into our hands; and to confine yourſelf
To Eſther houſe, my Lord of Wincheſter's,
'Till you hear further from his highneſs.

Wol. Stay.
Where's your commiſſion, lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.

Suf. Who dare croſs 'em?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expreſsly.

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it
(I mean your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarſe metal ye are moulded---envy.
How eagerly you follow my diſgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how ſleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courſe, men of malice!
You have chriſtian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That ſeal,
You aſk with ſuch a violence, the king
(Mine, and your maſter), with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, prieſt.

Wol.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou lieſt;
Within theſe forty hours Surrey durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou ſcarlet ſin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together),
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You ſent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his ſuccour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ſt him;
Whilſt your great goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The duke by law
Found his deſerts; how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies
Sur. By my ſoul,
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhould'ſt feel
My ſword i' the life-blood of thee elſe.---My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the lands wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;

The goodneſs of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, againſt the king: your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.---
My lord of Norfolk---as you are truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpiſ'd nobility, our iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen---
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life;---I'll ſtartle you
Worſe than the ſacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in charity againſt it!

Nor. Thoſe articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine innocence ariſe,
When the king knows my truth,

Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles; and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worſt objections: if I bluſh,
It is, to ſee a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want thoſe than my head. Have at you.
Firſt, that, without the king's aſſent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your ſervant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambaſſador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great ſeal.

Sur.

Sur. Item, you ſent a large commiſſion
To Gregory de Caſſalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the ſtate's allowance,
A league between his highneſs and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have cauſ'd
Your holy hat to be ſtampt on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee
So little of his great ſelf.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleaſure is---
Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compaſs of a *Præmunire*---
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſu'd againſt you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:---This is my charge.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great ſeal to us,
The king ſhall know it, and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal!

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.---
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;

And---when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening---nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes favours!
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy ſpirit wonder,
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right uſe of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel),
To endure more miſeries, and greater far,

Than

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the king.

Wol. God bleſs him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Inſtall'd lord archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in ſecrecy long marry'd
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation. [Cromwell.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever:
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter: Seek the king;
That ſun, I pray, may never ſet! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee!
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O my lord.
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotton, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me,
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins no more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Weſtminſter. Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gentleman.*

You are well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The lady Anne paſs from her coronation?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offered ſorrow,
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am ſure, have ſhewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with ſhews,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll aſſure you, better taken, ſir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to aſk what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the liſt
Of thoſe, that claim their offices this day,
By cuſtom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the firſt, and claims
To be high ſteward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be Earl Marſhal: you may read the reſt.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beſeech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princeſs-dowager? how goes her buſineſs?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunſtable, ſix miles off
From Ampthill, where the princeſs lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be ſhort, for not appearance, and
The king's late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all theſe learned men ſhe was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect;
Since which, ſhe was removed to Kimbolton,
Where ſhe remains now ſick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!---
The trumpets ſound: ſtand cloſe, the queen is coming
[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the Purſe and Mace before him,*
4. *Choriſters ſinging.* [Muſic.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter in his Coat of Arms, and on his head a gilt Copper Crown.*
6. *Marquis* DORSET, *bearing a Sceptre of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of* SURREY, *bearing the rod of Silver with the Dove, crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Stewart. With him the Duke of* NORFOLK, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A Canopy born by four of the Cinque Ports; under it, the Queen in her Robe; in her Hair richly adorned with Pearl, crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Ducheſs of* NORFOLK, *in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

They paſs over the Stage in Order and State.

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—Theſe I know;—
Who's that, that bears the ſceptre?

1 *Gen.*

1 *Gen.* Marquis Dorſet:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame; high ſteward.

2 *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heaven bleſs thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:
I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 *Gen.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all, are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, ducheſs of Norfolk.

1 *Gen.* It is; and all the reſt are counteſſes.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars, indeed;
And, ſometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exit Proceſſion, with a great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God ſave you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled,
With the mere rankneſs of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* That I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her grace ſat down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,

In

In a rich chair of ſtate, oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people.
Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think), flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the altar; where ſhe kneel'd, and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbiſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confeſſor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems,
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choiceſt muſic of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again
To York-Place, where the feaſt is held.

1 *Gen.* You muſt no more call it York-Place, that's paſt:
For, ſince the cardinal fell, that title's loſt;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd---Whitehall.

3 *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend biſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokeſly, and Gardiner; the one, of Wincheſter
(Newly preferr'd from the king's ſecretary),
The other, London.

2 *Gen.*

2 *Gen.* He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good lover of the archbiſhop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much eſteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Maſter o' the jewel-houſe,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ſhall be my gueſts;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Kimbolton. Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, ſick, led between* GRIFFITH *her Gentleman-Uſher, and* PATIENCE *her Woman.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So---now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe.
Didſt thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he ſtep'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam:
For after the ſtout earl Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill,
He could not ſit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſy roads, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words---*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himſelf
Foretold, ſhould be his laſt), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heaven, and ſlept in peace.

Kath. So may he reſt; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity—He was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with princes; one, that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'd all the kingdom: ſimony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the preſence
He would ſay untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious elſe.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading:
Lofty, and ſour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though we were unſatisfy'd in getting
(Which was a ſin), yet in beſtowing, madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth, and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me ſtill; and ſet me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my knell, whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad

Sad and ſolemn Muſic.

Grif. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Viſion. Enter ſolemnly tripping one after another, ſix Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their Hands. They firſt congée unto her, then dance; and, at certain Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland over her Head; at which, the other four make reverend Courteſies; then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two, who obſerve the ſame Order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head: which done, they deliver the ſame Garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame Order: at which (as it were by Inſpiration), ſhe makes in her Sleep Signs of Rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven: and ſo in their Dancing they vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſic continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall,
Aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt joyful, madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy.
Kath. Bid the muſic leave;
They are harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſic ceaſes.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the ſudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you,

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow,
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt* GRIFFITH, *and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Baniſh'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Moſt willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in bleſſings on her!—
Beſeeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope, ſhe will deſerve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I ſhould not lie), but will deſerve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty, and decent carriage,
A right good huſband; let him be a noble;
And, ſure, thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is, for my men;—they are the pooreſt,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honeſt lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highneſs:
Say, his long trouble now is paſſing

Out

Out of this world: tell him, in death I bleſt him,
For ſo I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.——Griffith, farewell.——Nay, Patience,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed;——
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Some Part of the Palace. Enter GARDINER *Biſhop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVEL.

Gardiner.

IT's one a'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath ſtruck.

Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither ſo late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It ſeems, you are in haſte: an' if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs: Affairs, that walk
(As, they ſay, ſpirits do) at midnight, have

In them a wilder nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They ſay, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit ſhe goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the ſtock, Sir Thomas,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conſcience ſays
She's a good creature, and, ſweet lady, does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wiſe, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell—
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he's made maſter
O' the rolls, and the king's ſecretary; further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbiſhop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you), I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt arch heretic, a peſtilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; who hath ſo far

Given

Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care, foreſeeing thoſe fell miſchiefs
Our reaſons laid before him), he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we muſt root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I reſt your ſervant.

[*Exeunt* GARDINER, *and Page.*

As LOVEL *is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor ſhall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me; but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In the greateſt humbleneſs, and deſir'd your highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.

King. What ſay'ſt thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is ſhe crying out?

Lov. So ſaid her woman; and that her ſufferance made
Almoſt each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highneſs with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The eſtate of my poor queen. Leave me alone
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wiſh your highneſs
A quiet night, and my good miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.--- [*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, Sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbiſhop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Denny. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your highneſs' pleaſure.

King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.

Lov. This is about that which the biſhop ſpake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aſide.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [LOVEL *ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha!---I have ſaid.---Be gone.
What!--- [*Exeunt* LOVEL, *and* DENNY.

Cran. I am fearful:---Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aſpect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do deſire to know
Wherefore I ſent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highneſs' pleaſure.

King. Pray you, ariſe,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I muſt walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I ſpeak,
And am right ſorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and moſt unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do ſay, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being conſider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you ſhall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with ſuch freedom purge yourſelf,
But that, 'till further trial, in thoſe charges
Which will require your anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Tower: You a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highneſs;
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn ſhall fly aſunder: for, I know,
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myſelf, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, ſtand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together
Yourſelf and your accuſers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Moſt dread liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth, and honeſty;
If they ſhall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my perſon; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion; and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o' the queſtion carries
The due o' the verdict with it; At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? ſuch things have beeen done.
You are potently oppoſ'd; and with a malice
Of as great ſize. Ween you of better luck.
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.

Cran.

Cran. God, and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.——Look, the good man weeps
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.---Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.---He has strangled
His language in his tears. [*Exit* CRANMER.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*within*] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners---Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!——'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King

King. Give her an hundred merks. I'll to the queen.
Exit King.

Lady. An hundred merks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or elſe unſay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council-Chamber. CRANMER, *Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was ſent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this? Hoa!
Who waits there?---Sure you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace muſt wait 'till you be call' for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So---

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way ſo happily: The king
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit Butts.*

Cran. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's phyſician; as he paſt along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven he found not my diſgrace! For certain,
This is of purpoſe laid, by ſome that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door; a fellow counſellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter

Enter the King and BUTTS, *at a Window above.*

Butts. I'll ſhew your grace the ſtrangeſt ſight---

King. What's that Butts?

Butts. I think, your highneſs ſaw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his ſtate at door, 'mongſt purſuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted ſo much honeſty among 'em
(At leaſt, good manners) as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips' pleaſures,
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe;
We ſhall hear more anon.---

Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper End of the Table on the Left-Hand; a Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Duke of* NORFOLK, SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain, and* GARDINER, *ſeat themſelves in Order on each Side.* CROMWELL *at the lower End as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, maſter ſcretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Pleaſe your honours,
The chief cauſe concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-Table.*

Chan. My good lord Archbiſhop, I am very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our fleſh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wiſdom, you, that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf, and not a little,
Toward the king firſt, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd), with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are hereſies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble Lords: For thoſe that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
(Out of our eaſineſs, and childiſh pity
To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewell all phyſick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole ſtate: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely, and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
Both in his private conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment,

Dare

Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuſe you.

Gard My Lord, becauſe we have buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his highneſs' pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Wincheſter, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful: I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekneſs, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear myſelf,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modeſt.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.

Crom. My Lord of Wincheſter, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good maſter ſecretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this table, ſay ſo.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard.

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new ſect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. 'Would you were half ſo honeſt!
Men's prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for ſhame, my lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my lord—It ſtands agreed,
I take it by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a priſoner;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleaſure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome,
Let ſome o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the king my maſter.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourſelves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales, and informations,
Againſt this man (whoſe honeſty the devil
And his diſciples only envy at)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his Seat

Gard. Dread ſovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a prince;
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender

King. You were ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of Wincheſter. But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flatteries now, and in my preſence;
They are too thin and baſe to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the ſpaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I am ſure,
Thou haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, ſit down. Now, let me ſee the proudeſt
[*To* CRANMER.
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it pleaſe your grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me.
I had thought, I had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerve that title)
This

This honeſt man, wait like a louſy foot-boy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counſellor, to try him,
Not as a groom: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye mean;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My moſt dread ſovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I am ſure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, reſpect him;
Take him, and uſe him well; he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for ſhame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm;
You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.

Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; How may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons: you ſhall have
Two noble partners with you; the old ducheſs of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorſet, Will theſe pleaſe you?—
Once more, my lord of Wincheſter, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witneſs, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart.
The common voice, I ſee, is verified
Of thee, which ſays thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow ſtronger, You more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard. Noiſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals: Do you take the court for Paris-Garden? ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good maſter porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em.—I'll ſcratch your heads: You muſt be ſeeing chriſtenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible
(Unleſs we ſweep them from the door with cannons)
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt St. Paul's, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot
(You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampſon, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me; but, if I ſpar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold

or

or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, maſter porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good maſter puppy. ---Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me, what a fry of fornication is at door! O' my chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtening will beget a thouſand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face, for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharg'd againſt me; he ſtands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſs'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope of the ſtrand, where ſhe was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a play-houſe, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Lime-houſe, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to

dance theſe three days: beſides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain,

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are theſe porters,
Theſe lazy knaves?---Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all theſe
Your faithful friends o' the ſuburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from the chriſtening.

Port. Pleaſe your honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here you lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
They are come already from the chriſtening:
Go, break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A Marſhalſea, ſhall hold you play theſe two months.

Port. Make way there for the princeſs.

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace. Enter Trumpets, ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord-Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK *with his Marſhall's Staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding Bowls for the Chriſtening Gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the*

the Ducheſs of NORFOLK, *Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of* DORSET, *the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troop paſs once about the Stage, and Garter ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endleſs goodneſs, ſend proſperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princeſs of England, Elizabeth!

Flouriſh. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myſelf, thus pray;---
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbiſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.--- [*The King kiſſes the Child.*
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee!
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant (heaven ſtill move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A patern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wiſdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure ſoul ſhall be: all princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall

Shall ſtill be doubled on her: truth ſhall nurſe her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours:
God ſhall be truly known; and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect way of honour,
And by thoſe claim their greatneſs, not by blood.
[Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one
(When heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs),
Who, from the ſacred aſhes of her honour,
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright ſun of heaven ſhall ſhine,
His honour, and the greatneſs of his name
Shall be, and make new nations; He ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:---Our children's children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs heaven.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.]

Cran. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of England,
An aged princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but ſhe muſt die,
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her; yet a virgin,
A moſt unſpotted lily ſhall ſhe paſs
To the ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.

King. O lord archbiſhop,
Thou haſt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:

This

This oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this child does, and praiſe my Maker.---
I thank ye all.---To you, my good lord-mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;---
Ye muſt all ſee the queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no man think
He has buſineſs at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay,
This little one ſhall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Perſonae

MEN.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.
Titus Lartius, *Cominius*, } Generals againſt the Volſcians.
Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, *Junius Brutus*, } Tribunes of the People.
Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volſcians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Young *Marcius*, Son to Coriolanus.
Conſpirators with Aufidius.

WOMEN.

Volumnia, Mother to Coriolanus.
Virgilia, Wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, Friend to Virgilia.

Roman and Volſcian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The *Scene* is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volſcians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 Cit. You are reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 Cit. Firſt, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority ſurfeits one, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them.---Let us revenge this with our pikes, e'er we become rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

All. Againſt him firſt; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd, men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are theſe? The other ſide o'the city is riſen: Why ſtay we prating here? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; Would all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What works, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds. They ſay, poor ſuitors have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on

The

The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o' the ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes cramm'd with grain; make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers: repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich: and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs yourſelves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, Sir; yet you muſt not think to fob off our diſgrace with a tale: but, an't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a gulph it did remain
I' the midſt o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where the other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd—

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you—With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus

(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2 Cit. Your belly's anſwer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks!—what then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's anſwer.

2 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his accuſers, and thus anſwer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body: But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the ſeat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends (this ſays the belly), mark me—

2 Cit. Ay, Sir; well, well.

Men

Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer: How apply you this?

Men. The ſenators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For, examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you ſhall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves.---What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly?---

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou go'ſt foremoſt;
Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood, to run
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage.---
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one ſide muſt have bale.---Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.---What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourſelves ſcabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.---What would have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war: the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate: and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that

Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye! Truſt ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeveral places of the city
Your cry againſt the noble ſenate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another?—What's their ſeeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They ſay?
They'll ſit by the fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch, as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pike my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em!
They ſaid, they were an-hungry; ſigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke ſtone walls; that, dogs muſt eat;—
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods ſent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one
(To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar.

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death!
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city,
E'er ſo prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Meſ. The news is, Sir, the Volſces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity:---See, our beſt elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *with other Senators*; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volſces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to theſe wars.

Com. It is your former promiſe.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant.---Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
E'er ſtay behind this buſineſs.

Men.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greateſt friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:---
Follow, Cominius; we muſt follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone! [*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volſces have much corn; take theſe rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:---Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

Citizens ſteal away. *Manent* SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. Was ever man ſo proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen tribunes for the people---

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon.

Bru. The preſent wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims---
In whom already he is well grac'd---cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the buſineſs!

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Marcius, ſhall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-Houſe in Corioli. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not your's?
What ever hath been thought on in this ſtate,
That could be brought to bodily act e'er Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; theſe are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
They have preſs'd a power, but it is not known [Reading.
Whether for eaſt, or weſt: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent; moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, e'er, almoſt, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commiſſion; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they ſet down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your honours ſafe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

CAIUS MARCIUS'S *Houſe in Rome.* *Enter* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA; *They ſit down on two low Stools, and ſew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing; or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my ſon were my huſband, I ſhould freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-

bodied,

body'd, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings entreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I—conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not ſtir—was pleas'd to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I ſent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter—I ſprang not more with joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam? how then.

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely:—Had I a dozen ſons, each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is to come to viſit you.

Vir. 'Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.

Val. Indeed, you ſhall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your huſband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volſces ſhunning him;
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus, and call thus——
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harveſt-man, that's taſk'd to mow
O'er all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy; The breaſt of Hecuba,
When ſhe did ſuckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it ſpit forth blood

At

At Grecian ſwords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bleſs my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter VALERIA, *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam——

Vir. I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What, are you ſewing here? a fine ſpot, in good faith.—How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your ladyſhip; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, Than look upon his ſchool-maſter.

Val. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wedneſday half an hour together: he has ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle houſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threſhold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they ſay, all the yarn ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes' abſence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth' la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, madam!

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is:—The Volſces have an army forth; againſt whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are ſet down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, ſhe would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good ſweet lady—Pr'ythee Virgilia, turn thy ſolemneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers, To them a Meſſenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:---A wager, they have met.
Lart. My horſe to your's, no,
Mar. 'Tis done.
Lart. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Meſ. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you. [will,
Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend you him, I
For half a hundred years.---Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie theſe armies?
Meſ. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the walls.

Tullius Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off;
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius: liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.

Mar.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction.---Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volſces.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight [tus:
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance brave Ti-
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath.---Come on, my fel-
He that retires, I'll take for a Volſce, [lows;
And he ſhall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you.
You ſhames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaſter you o'er: that you may be abhor'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile! You ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have ye run
From ſlaves that apes would beat; Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and MARCIUS *follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:---Now prove good ſeconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardineſs; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heel,
With them he enters: who, upon the ſudden,

Clapt to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, out-dares his ſenſeleſs ſword,
And, when it bows, ſtands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to Cato's wiſh; not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look Sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*The fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.

Within the Town. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome,

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3. A murrain on't! I took this for ſilver.

[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
E'er yet the fight be done, pack up:---Down with them.---
And hark, what noiſe the general makes!---To him:——
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help Cominius.

Lart.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent for
A ſecond courſe of fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now, the fair goddeſs, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! Bold gentleman,
Proſperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no leſs
Than thoſe ſhe places higheſt! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthieſt Marcius!
Go, ſound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they ſhall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Roman Camp. *Enter* COMINIUS *retreating*, with *Soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands, [come off
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims, and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods!
Lead their ſucceſſes as we wiſh our own;
That both our powers, with ſmiling from encountering,
Enter a Meſſenger.
May give you thankful ſacrifice!—Thy news?

Meſ. The citizens of Corioli have iſſued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I ſaw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?

Meſ. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums:
How could'd thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news ſo late?

Meſ. Spies of the Volſces
Held me in a chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flead? O gods!
He has the ſtamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile;
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.

Com.

Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think---
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why ceaſe you 'till you are ſo?

Com. Marcius, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpoſe.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?

Com. As I gueſs, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have ſhed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the preſent; but,
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing:---If any ſuch be here
(As it were ſin to doubt), that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſſer his perſon than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,

And

And that his country's dearer than himſelf;
Let him, alone, or ſo many, ſo minded,
Wave thus, to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow Marcius. [*Waving his Hand.*

[*They all ſhout, and wave their Swords, take him up in their Arms, and caſt up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a ſword of me?
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volſces? None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great Aufidius
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd. Pleaſe you to march;
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having ſet a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: Keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe ſentries to our aid; The reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding: if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, Sir,

Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; For I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a ſerpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleaſ'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the higheſt.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of thy bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.---

[*Here they fight, and certain Volſces come to the Aid of* AUFIDIUS. MARCIUS *fights till they be driven in breathleſs.*

Officious, and not valiant!---you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds. [*Exeunt fighting.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp. Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Door, COMINIUS, *with the Romans; at another Door,* MARCIUS, *with his Arm in a Scarf, &c.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fuſty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay, againſt their hearts---*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath ſuch a ſoldier!---
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the Purſuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſons!
Had'ſt thou beheld---

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving; Rome muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,

Would

Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore), of all
The treaſure, in the field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it;
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flouriſh. They all cry,* MARCIUS! MARCIUS! *caſt up their Caps and Lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane,
Never ſound more! When drums and trumpets ſhall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!---No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch---which, without note,
Here's many elſe have done---you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes ſauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modeſt are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you.---Therefore, be it known,

As

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.*

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus

Cor. I will go waſh;
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh or no! Howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to ſtride your ſteed; and, at all times,
To undercreſt your good addition,
To the fairneſs of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, e'er we do repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſs.—You, Titus Lartius,
Muſt to Corioli back: ſend us to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I ſhall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis your's.—What is't?

Cor. I ſometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's houſe; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I ſaw him priſoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com.

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volſces. A Flouriſh. Coronets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!---
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volſce, be that I am.---Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me;
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat.---By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
True ſword to ſword, I'll potch at him ſome way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
Sol. He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: My valour's poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itſelf: nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;

Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs-grove:
I pray you
('Tis ſouth the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *Enter* MENENIUS, *with* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baâs like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why, how are we cenſur'd?

Men.

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now---Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates (alias, fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath: Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguſſes), if the drink you give me, touch my palate adverſely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't ſay, your worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables: and though I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces. If you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biſſon

conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller; and then rejourn the controverſy of threepence to a ſecond day of audience.---When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers; ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are. When you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be entomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince Deucalion; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worſhips: more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

How now, my fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:---Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the ſtate hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to-night!---A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I ſaw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an eſtate of ſeven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the phyſician: the moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preſervative, of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:---Brings a' victory in his pocket?---The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he diſciplin'd Aufidius ſoundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes---they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo Fidius'd for all the cheſts in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the ſenate poſſeſs'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:---Yes, yes, yes: the ſenate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be ſworn they are true:---Where is he wounded?---God ſave your good worſhips! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cauſe to be proud.---Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the ſhoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulſe of Tarquin, ſeven hurts i' the body.

Men One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh;---There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets! [*A Shout, and Flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of Marcius: before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark ſpirit, in 's nervy army doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound. Enter COMINIUS *the General, and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crown'd with an Oaken Garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; theſe
In honour follows, Coriolanus:---
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
[*Sound. Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, muſt I call thee?
But O, thy wife ——

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?---O my ſweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn:---O welcome home!
And welcome, general!---And you are welcome all!

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome:
A curſe begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee!---You are three,
That Rome ſhould doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and your's: [*To his Wife, and Mother.*
E'er in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

BRUTUS

BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *come forward.*

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him: Your pratling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamens
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture,

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him conſul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately tranſport his honours
From where he ſhould begin and end; but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for conſul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility;
Nor, ſhewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' the gentry to him,
And the deſire of the nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.'

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good will's,
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul, nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius ſhall be conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower, and thunder, with their caps, and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Capitol. Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: How many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay; but 'tis thought of evey one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore: ſo that, if they love, they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition; and, out of his noble careleſsneſs, let's them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now, to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the people, is as bad as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: And his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as thoſe, who have been ſupple and courteous to the people; bonetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues

tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ungrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way---they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS *the Consul:* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS, *as Tribunes, take their Places by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains.
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you
To hear Cominius ſpeak?

Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Mem. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, ſpeak.—Nay, keep your place.

CORIOLANUS *riſes, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſbench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir: yet oft.
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, ſit down,

Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' the ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* COR.

Men. Maſters o' the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter
(That's thouſand to one good one) when you now ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour.
Than one of his ears to hea i?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I ſhall lack voice:—The deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,

When

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt Roman, and i' the conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers; Tarquin's ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a ſea;
And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He lurch'd all ſwords o' the garland. For this laſt,
Before, and in Corioli, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: He ſtopt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into ſport: as waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtem: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny; aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet; Now, all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate.
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil: and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets leſs

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them—Thus I did, and thus!—
Shew them the unaching scars, which I should hide
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then exeunt.*

Manent SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum. Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourſelves to do it; but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them; ſo, if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once, when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us---the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their

conſent of one direct way ſhould be at once to all the points of the compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe itſelf in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of Humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars; wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. O Sir, you are not right; Have you not known
The worthieſt men have don't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay?—
I pray, Sir——Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace:—Look, Sir,;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by 'em.

Men.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholeſome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.---So, here comes a brace.
You know the cauſe, ſirs, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own deſire?

Cor. No, Sir: 'Twas never my deſire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the conſulſhip?

1 *Cit* The price is, to aſk it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you,
Which ſhall be your's in private.---Your good voice, Sir;
What ſay you?

Both Cit. You ſhall have it, worthy Sir. [begg'd;---

Cor. A match, Sir:---There's in all two worthy voices
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again---But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deſerv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn brother the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers. Therefore, beſeech you, I may be conſul

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices!---
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,
Their needleſs vouches? Cuſtom calls me to't:---
What cuſtom wills, in all things ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.---Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.---I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here comes more voices.---
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be conſul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen!--- God ſave thee, noble conſul!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have ſtood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do; and, knowing myſelf again,
Repair to the ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company.---Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* COR. *and* MEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, Methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you diſmiſs the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir,

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech—he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic.

Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he had wounds, which he could ſhew in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be conſul, ſays he: *aged cuſtom*,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore; When we granted that,
Here was---*I thank you for your voices---thank you---*
Your moſt ſweet voices:---now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you:---Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd---When he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy; ever ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and ſway o' the ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curſes to yourſelves: You ſhould have ſaid,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
This his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
E'er now, deny'd the aſker? and, now again,
On him, that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly; and tell thoſe friends---
They have choſe a conſul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And, on a ſafer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: beſides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between), but that you muſt
Caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do,

Than

Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To voice him conſul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued: and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's ſon,
Who, after great Hoſtilius, here was king:
Of the ſame houſe Publius and Quintus were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither;
And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd ſo, twice being cenſor,
Was his great anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will ſo: almoſt all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay, paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the ſtream o' the people;
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street. Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other Senators.*

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.

Cor. So then the Volſces ſtand but as at firſt;
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On ſafeguard he came to me; and did curſe
Againſt the Volſces, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully.---Welcome home.

[*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! theſe are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do deſpiſe them;
For

For they do prank them in authority,
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are theſe your herd?—
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better your's.

Cor. Why then ſhould I be conſul? By yon clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic.

Sic. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the people ſtir: If you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a conſul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again;——

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-ſcented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our ſenate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,
Which we ourſelves have plough'd for, ſow'd, and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beſeech you.

Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, againſt thoſe meazels,
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You ſpeak o' the people,
As if you were a god to puniſh, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler?

Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. Shall!

O gods!—But moſt unwiſe patricians, why,
You grave, but reckleſs ſenators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chooſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o' the monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be ſenators: and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chooſe their magiſtrate;
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himſelf,
It makes the conſuls baſe: and my ſoul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o' the ſtore-houſe *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abſolute power)
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.

Bru. Why, ſhall the people give
One that ſpeaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't: Being preſs'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis*: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them: The accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the ſenate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom multiplied digeſt
The ſenate's courteſy? Let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words:—*We did requeſt it;*—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the ſenate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-meaſure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worſhip—
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance—it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable ſlightneſs: purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe: Therefore, beſeech you—
You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet;

That love the fundamental part of ſtate,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To jump a body with a dangerous phyſic,
That's ſure of death without it---at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon: Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become it;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has ſaid enough.

Sic. He has ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpight o'erwhelm thee!—
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then they were choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i' the duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon.

Sic. This a conſul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!---Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit* BRUTUS.] in whoſe name, myſelf
Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Aged Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, *with a Rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.*

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.

Sic.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all buſtle about* CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace! ſtay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near; I cannot ſpeak:—You, tribunes
To the people—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;——Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:——Peace. Speak, ſpeak, ſpeak.

Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for conſul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remain.

Men. And ſo are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deſerves death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of preſent death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beſeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous
Where the diſeaſe is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock. [CORIOLANUS *draws his Sword.*

Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourſelves what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword;—Tribunes, withdraw a
Bru. Lay hands upon him. [while.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

All. Down with him, down with him! [*Exeunt.*

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand faſt;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe;
Leave us to cure this cauſe.

Men. For 'tis a ſore upon us,
You cannot tent yourſelf: Be gone, 'beſeech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol).—Be gone.

Men.

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, *and* COMINIUS.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A Noise within.*
Here's goodly work!

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tiber!——What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair? [

Enter BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than

Than the severity of public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, Sir——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is inroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost

(Which,

(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The ſervice of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:---
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcann'd ſwiftneſs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by proceſs;
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were ſo---

Sic. What do you talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our ædiles ſmote! ourſelves reſiſted!---Come---

Men Conſider this;---He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer, by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmoſt peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:---
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

Bru.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me deſire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CORIOLANUS's *Houſe.* *Enter* CORIOLANUS, *with Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy or ſell with groats; to ſhew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war. [*To* VOL.] I talk of you;
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, Sir, Sir, Sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo: Leſſer had been

The

The thwartings of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how you were diſpos'd
E'er they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *with the Senators,*

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſome-
You muſt return, and mend it, [thing too rough;

Sen. There's no remedy;
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of anger,
To better 'vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman;
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the times craves it as phyſic
For the whole ſtate, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities ſpeak, I have heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other loſe,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not (which, for your beſt ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace

With

With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because,
That now it lies you on to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words
That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards, and syl-
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth. [lables
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame

Thyself,

Thyſelf, forſooth, hereafter theirs, ſo far
As thou haſt power, and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why, their hearts were your's;
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, Sir, 'tis fit
You make ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair ſpeech.

Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarb'd ſconce? Muſt I,
With my baſe tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle plot to loſe,
This mould of Marcius, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw it againſt the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, ſweet ſon, as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier, ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:——
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! My throat of war he turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! The ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and ſchool-boys tears take up

The glaſſes of my ſight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips: and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt.
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me;
But owe thy pride thyſelf.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return conſul;
Or never truſt to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* VOLUMNIA.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourſelf
To anſwer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuſe me by invention, I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum. *Enter* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people
And that the ſpoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er diſtributed.---What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they hear me ſay, *It ſhall be ſo,*
I' the right and ſtrength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment, then let them,
If I ſay fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth-o' the cauſe.

Æd. I ſhall inform them.

Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.——— [*Exit* ÆDILE.
Put him to choler ſtraight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *and* COMINIUS, *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.

Cor. Ay, as an oſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wiſh.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Liſt to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

Both Tri. Well, ſay.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move laughter only.

Men.

Men. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds;
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for conſul with full voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Anſwer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf into a power tyrannical?
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promiſe.

Cor. The fires i' the loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.
We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him; even this,
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves the extremeſt death.

Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for Rome——

Cor. What do yo prate of ſervice?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You!

Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people, ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at laſt
Given hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this inſtant, baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.

Com. Here me, my maſters, and my common friends—

Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been conſul, and can ſhew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru.

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whoſe breath I hate
As reek of the rotten fens, whoſe loves I prize
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I baniſh you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake you hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders: 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
Making but reſervation of yourſelves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as moſt
Abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others. The People ſhout, and throw up their Caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is baniſh'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go, ſee him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight;
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us ſee him out at gates; come:
The gods preſerve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome. Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the Young Nobility of Rome.*

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beaſt
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating: fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman———

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in Rome,
And occupations periſh!

Cor. What, what, what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat.—Cominius,
Droop not;—adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My ſometime general,
I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning ſpectacles; tell theſe ſad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,

As

As 'tis to laugh at them.---My mother, you wot well,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace: and
Believe't not lightly (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his ſen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice

Vol. My firſt ſon,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſture to each chance
That ſtarts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee: ſo, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:---
Thou haſt years upon thee; and thou are too full
Of the wars ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.---
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.---Come, let's not weep.---
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:---Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS, *with an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no fur-
The nobility are vex'd, who, we ſee, have ſided [ther.—
In his behalf.

Bru. No we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.

Bru. Diſmiſs them home. [*Exit* ÆDILE.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They ſay, ſhe's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not ſo loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping you ſhould hear;—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.- Will you be gone?
[*To* BRUTUS.

Vir. [*To* SICIN.] You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the
To ſay ſo to my huſband. [power

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a ſhame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for Rome,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?

Sic. O bleſſed heavens!

Vol.

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words;
And for Rome's good.---I'll tell thee what;---Yet go;---
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too:---I would my ſon
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity.

Vol. Baſtards, and all.---
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. E'er you go, hear this:
As far as doth the capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo far, my ſon
(This lady's huſband here, this, do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.---
I would the gods had nothing elſe to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.---Come, let's go:
Leave

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie; [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman and a Volſce.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my ſervices are, as you are, againſt 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I laſt ſaw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volſcian ſtate, to find you out there: You have well ſav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome ſtrange inſurrection: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been? Is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo; they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd!

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard ſaid, The fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when

ſhe

ſhe is fallen out with her huſband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer Coriolanus being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chooſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentaly to encounter you: You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall, between this and ſupper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one: the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir; I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of your's.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's *Houſe. Enter* CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd, and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
Enter a Citizen.
In puny battle ſlay me.—Save you, Sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate,
At his houſe this night.

Cor. Which is his houſe, 'beſeech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*

O, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity: So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues. So with me:——
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in AUFIDIUS's *Houſe. Muſic plays. Enter a Serving-Man.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What ſervice is here! I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-Man.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my maſter calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly houſe: The feaſt ſmells well: but I appear not like a gueſt.

Re-enter the firſt Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to th door. [*Exi*

or.

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, Sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troubleſome.

2 *Serv.* Are you ſo brave: I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the houſe: Pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, ſo I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my maſter what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I ſhall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an aſs it is!—Then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3 *Serv.* How, Sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *with the Second Serving-Man.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volsces' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity

Hath

Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Miſtake me not, to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere ſpite,
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn; ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'*Tis true;* I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my ſword; and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream't of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, e'er destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Most welcome!

[*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv*

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him: He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had ſo; looking, as it were—'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my maſter?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth ſix of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, ſlaves! I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you ſay thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not ſay, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the truth on't: before Corioli, he ſcotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to Mars: ſet at upper end o' the table: no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him: Our general himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him; ſanctifies himſelf with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir (as it were), durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; preſently. You ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed e'er they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible; a getter of more baſtard children, than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis ſo: and as war, in ſome ſort, may be ſaid to be a raviſher; ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to ſee Romans as cheap as Volſces,—They are riſing, they are riſing.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A public Place in Rome. Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the preſent peace
And quietneſs o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtering ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he! O, he is grown moſt kind
Of late.—Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miſs'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth ſtand;
And ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preſerve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours! We wiſh'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying, Confuſion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving——

Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.

Men. I think not ſo.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports—The Volſces with two ſeveral powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-ſhell'd, when Marcius ſtood for Rome,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volſces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been

Within

Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going
All to the ſenate-houſe: ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave;——
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!

Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainſt Rome;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the ſenate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Aſſociated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, conſum'd with fire and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?——
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be joined with the Volsces——

Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him,
Your enemies, and his, find something in him

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf

Does

Does of the ſhepherds! for his beſt friends, if they
Should ſay, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, '*Beſeech you, ceaſe.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the cluſters!—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholeſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid, baniſh him, I ſaid, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and, to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us: That we did, we did for the beſt; and though we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made, you,
Good work, you and your cry!---Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what elſe? [*Exit* COM. *and* MEN.

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd;
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i' the wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:---'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a ſmall Diſtance from Rome. Enter AUFIDIUS, *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they ſtill fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly

Even

Even to my perſon, than I thought he would,
When firſt I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir
(I mean, for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him: but either borne
The action of yourſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him. Although it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good huſbandry for the Volſcian ſtate;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That, which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him e'er he ſits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The ſenators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt he was
A noble ſervant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the caſque to the cuſhion, but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of theſe
(As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,

For I dare ſo far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrength do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public Place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS, *with others.*

Menenius.

No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,
Which was ſometime his general; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneé
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not anſwer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men.

Men. Why, ſo; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When leaſt it was expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate,
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he ſay leſs?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſome, muſty chaff: He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of thoſe; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon: We muſt be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and ſay that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a diſcontentented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs? Say't be ſo?

Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from Rome, after the meaſure,
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall e'er long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he ſaid *Riſe*; diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand: What he would do,
He ſent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain;
Unleſs his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to ſolicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Volſcian Camp. Enter MENENIUS *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with Coriolanus.

1 *Watch.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I have tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have almoſt ſtamp'd the leaſing: Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not

not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his liar (as you ſay, you have) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſy'd interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotard as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd; our general hath ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

2 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go, leſt I let forth your half pint of blood;—back—that's the utmoſt of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow—

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my ſon Coriolanus: gueſs, by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtand'ſt not i' the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering;

ing; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.---The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does! O, my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volſcian breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity, note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake,
Gives him a letter.
And would have ſent it. Another word Menenius,
I will not hear thee ſpeak,---This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou beheld'ſt---

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and MENENIUS.

1 *Watch.* Now, ſir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2 *Watch* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, you are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worſt.

For

For you, be that you are long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, away!

[*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Tent. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.---My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian Lords, how plainly
I have born this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do no more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.---

Enter.

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, VALERIA, *and young* MARCIUS, *with attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremoſt : then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.---
What is that curt'ſy worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn?---I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others.---My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.---Let the Volſces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand,
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and huſband!

Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Vir. The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace.---Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.---Oh, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.---You gods! I prate,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted; Sink, my knee, i' the earth! [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Vol. O, ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly

Shew

Shew duty, as miſtaken all the while [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me! to your corrected ſon!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Pointing to VALERIA.

Cor. The noble ſiſter of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the icicle
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of your's,
[*Shewing young* MARCIUS.
Which by the interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all yourſelf

Cor. The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs; that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i' the wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.

Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The things, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.

Vol.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more!
You have ſaid, you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will aſk
That, if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volſces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital: thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He ſhall not tread on me;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volſces, whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volſces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhew'd*; the Roman's,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſt*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ---*The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the enſuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt
That ſhould but rive an oak: Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the ſtocks. Thou haſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy;

When

When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end;
This is the last:---So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.---Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.---Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volsce unto his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance:---Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother!——

[*Holds her by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son-- believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:---
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, Sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you: and pray you,
Stand to me in this cauſe.---O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myſelf a former fortune. [*Aſide.*

[*The Ladies make ſigns to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you ſhall bear
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum, in Rome. Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol; yon corner-ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of Rome, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horſe. The tartneſs his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like

like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that ſhall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news!---The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volſces are diſlodg'd and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*A Shout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Sound ſtill, with the Shouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, paſſing over the Stage, &c. &c.

Sen. Behold our patroneſs, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires; ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry---Welcome, ladies, welcome!——

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A Flouriſh with Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public Place in Antium. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears;
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuſe,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends

Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words: Diſpatch.----moſt welcome!

Enter three or four Conſpirators of AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir,
If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs,
When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping---

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came into my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: 'till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and

He

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord,
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory ——

Auf. There was it;——
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

Drums and Trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the People.

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
E'er he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin: and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us

With

With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding: This admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours; the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our ſpoil, we have brought home,
Doth more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no leſs honour to the Antiates,
Than ſhame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subſcrib'd by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o' the ſenate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree,
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?——
You lords and heads of the ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city Rome
(I ſay, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk; never admitting
Counſel o' the war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O ſlave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave) ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volſces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! Falſe hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volſces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently.
[*The Crowd ſpeak promiſcuouſly.*
He kill'd my ſon—My daughter—He kill'd my couſin
He kill'd my father.— [Marcus.

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace.—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth: His laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With ſix Aufidiuſes, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!

Auf. Inſolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[Aufidius *and the Conſpirators draw, and kill* Marcius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*

Lords.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble maſters, hear me ſpeak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus---

2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.---Maſters all, be quiet;
Put up your ſwords.

Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours
To call me to your ſenate, I'll deliver
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure.
Your heavieſt cenſure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the moſt noble corſe, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame,
Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow.---Take him up:---
Help three of the chiefeſt ſoldiers: I'll be one.---
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully;---
Trail your ſteel pikes.---Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.---
Aſſiſt.

[*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* MARCIUS. *A dead March ſounded.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.

Cicero,
Publius,
Popilius Lena, } Senators.

Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

Flavius,
Marullus, } Tribunes.

Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a Poet: Another Poet.
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young *Cato,* and *Volumnius,* Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; Servants to Brutus.
Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.

WOMEN.

Calphurnia Wife to Cæsar.
Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street. Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain Commoners.*

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What, I know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion?---Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?—
You, Sir; what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meaneſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them.

As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day?
Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday, to ſee Cæſar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your ſounds
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all. [*Exeunt Commoners.*
See, whe'r their baſeſt metal be not mov'd,
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

This

This way will I: Diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæſar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers pluck'd from Cæſar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of man,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. *Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *for the Courſe;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, *a Soothſayer, &c.*

Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Caſca. Peace, ho! Cæſar ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia,——
Calph. Here, my lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his courſe.——Antonius!
Ant. Cæſar, my lord!
Cæſ. Forget not, in your ſpeed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders ſay,
The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember:
When Cæſar ſays, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar!
Cæſ. Ha! Who calls?
Caſca. Bid every noiſe be ſtill:—Peace yet again.

Cæſ. Who is it in the preſs, that calls on me?
I heard a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſic,
Cry, Cæſar: Speak; Cæſar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. What man is that?

Bru. A ſoothſayer, bids you beware of the ides of March.

Cæſ. Set him before me; let me ſee his face.

Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæſar.

Cæſ. What ſayſt thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—paſs.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and Train.*

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?

Bru. Not I.

Caſ. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Caſſius, be you one);
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Caſ. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath bury'd

Thoughts

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, Caſſius: for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflection, by ſome other things.

Caſ. 'Tis juſt:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæſar), ſpeaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh, and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the people
Chooſe Cæſar for their king.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And

And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy:
But e'er we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, *Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink.*
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear, ſo, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæſar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe his luſtre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark

Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd *Give me ſome drink, Titinius,*
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæſar: What ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he has grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome,
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,

I ſhall

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but this much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve:
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the capitol,
Being crost in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar!

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony: he hears no muſic:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Manent BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS: CASCA *to them.*

Caſca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, Caſca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæſar looks ſo ſad.

Caſca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk Caſca what had chanc'd.

Caſca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice; What was the laſt cry for?

Caſca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd thrice?

Caſca. Ay, marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caſca.

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, or I did not mark it. I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown;——yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets;——and, as I told you

you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it a third time; he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe Cæſar refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choak'd Cæſar; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But, ſoft, I pray you: What? did Cæſar ſwoon?

Caſca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like! he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, Cæſar hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt Caſca, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they us'd to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he when he came unto himſelf?

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid, any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cry'd *Alas, good ſoul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling ſcarfs off Cæſar's images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, Caſca?

Caſca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Caſ. Good; I will expect you.

Caſca. Do ſo; Farewell both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And ſo it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo;—'till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I ſee,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,
He ſhould not humour me. I will this night,

In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæſar ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Thunder and Lightning. Enter CASCA, *his Sword drawn; and* CICERO *meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Caſca: Brought you Cæſar home?
Why are you breathleſs? and why ſtare you ſo?

Caſca. Are you not mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
The ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heaven;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave (you know him well by ſight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides (I have not ſince put up my ſword),
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred gaſtly women,
Transform'd with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.

And,

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit.
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,---They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purposes of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds and beaſts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven hath infuſed them with theſe ſpirits,
To make the inſtruments of fear, and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate.
Now could I, Caſca, name to thee a man
Moſt like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Caſca 'Tis Cæſar that you mean: Is it not, Caſſius?

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits;
Our yoke and ſufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſca. Indeed, they ſay, the ſenators to-morrow,
Mean to eſtabliſh Cæſar as a king:
And he ſhall wear his crown, by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in Italy.

Caſ. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Caſſius from bondage will deliver Caſſius:
Therein, ye gods, ye make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit;
But life, being weary of theſe wordly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this, know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſca.

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould Cæſar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the Romans are but ſheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws: What traſh is Rome,
What rubbiſh, and what offal, when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæſar? But, O, grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to Caſca: and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand;
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs;
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now, know you, Caſca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous conſequence;
And I do know, by this, they ſtay for me
In Pompey's porch! For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complection of the element,
It favours like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible

Enter CINNA.

Caſca. Stand cloſe awhile, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.---Cinna, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Caſ. No, it is Caſca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are, O Caſſius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Caſ. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' ſtatue? all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bade me.

Caſ. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit* CINNA.

Come, Caſca, you and I will, yet, e'er day,
See Brutus at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Caſca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthineſs.

Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, e'er day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BRUTUS *in his orchard.*

Brutus.

WHAT, Lucius! ho!——
I cannot, by the progreſs of the ſtars,
Give gueſs how near to day.——Lucius, I ſay!—
I would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I ſay: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?——That;—
And then, I grant, we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from power: And, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: So Cæſar may;
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

Faſhion

Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell,

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up; and I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to-bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf.
Shall Rome——Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake,——
Such inſtigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome——Thus muſt I piece it out;
Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!——Am I entreated
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O Roman! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſomebody knocks.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Caſſius firſt did whet me againſt Cæſar,
I have not ſlept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And

And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas.

Caſ. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Caſ. This, Caſca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Caſ. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Dec. Here lies the eaſt: Doth not the day break here?

Caſca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth: and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Caſca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes;
Which is a great way growing on the ſouth,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,——
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret Romans, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad cauſes ſwear

Such

Such creatures as men doubt: but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think, that, or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he do break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

Caſ. But what of Cicero? Shall we found him?
I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Caſca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd but only Cæſar?

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of Cæſar,
Should out-live Cæſar? We ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæſar fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæſar.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of Cæſar;
And in the ſpirit of men there is no blood:

O, that

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him:
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace; count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſ. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius!—Faſt aſleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:---Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you! Am I yourſelf,
But as it were, in ſort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels; I will not diſcloſe them;
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows:—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus ſpake of.—
Boy, ſtand aſide.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchſafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not ſick!

Lig. I am not ſick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of Rome!
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Lig. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my Caius,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CÆSAR's *Palace. Thunder and Lightning. Enter* CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæſ. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæſar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæſ. Go bid the prieſt do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæſar ſhall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæſar ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend Mark Antony to the ſenate-houſe;
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæſ. Mark Antony ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. Cæſar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæſar:
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day: Tell them ſo, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

Cæſ. Shall Cæſar ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arm ſo far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?——
Decius, go tell them, Cæſar will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty Cæſar, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my ſtatue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty Romans

Came

Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And theſe does ſhe apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion, fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; and that great men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, and relics, and cogniſance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is ſignify'd.

Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay:
And know it now; the ſenate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæſar.
If you ſhall ſend them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the ſenate 'till another time,
When Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams.
If Cæſar hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, Cæſar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæſar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reaſon to my love is liable.

Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, Calphurnia?
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæſar.

Cæſ. Welcome, Publius.——
What, Brutus, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good-morrow, Caſca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,

As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.

Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithſtanding up:—Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to moſt noble Cæſar.

Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæſar, I will:——and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.

Cæſ. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me;
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O Cæſar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street near the Capitol. *Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Cæſar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Caſſius; come not near Caſca; have an eye to Cinna; truſt not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou haſt wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt Cæſar. If thou be'ſt not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I ſtand, 'till Cæſar paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this.

My

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæſar, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the ſame ſtreet. Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the ſenate houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
E'er I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there.——
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæſar doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothſayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow. Which way haſt thou been?
Sooth. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth.

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there,
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.---Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:---Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.---O, I grow faint:---
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, and then the Capitol; the Senate sitting. Flourish.
Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-sayer.*

Cæsar.

The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer; Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* TREB.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart:——

Cæs.

Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, Cimber;
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and firſt decree,
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthty than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great Cæſar's ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæſar;
Deſiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæſ. What, Brutus!

Caſ. Pardon, Cæſar; Cæſar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Caſſius fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for Publius Cimber.

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true-fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament,
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world; 'Tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;

That I was conſtant Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo!

Cin. O Cæſar,——

Cæſ. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæſar.——

Cæſ. Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?

Caſca. Speak, hands, for me. [*They ſtab* CÆSAR.

Cæſ. Et tu Brute?——Then fall, Cæſar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets.

Caſ. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement!

Bru. People, and ſenators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; ſtand ſtill:—ambition's debt is paid.

Caſca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Caſſius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of Cæſar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them, Publius.

Caſ. And leave us, Publius, leſt that the people
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Caſ. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates: we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, ſtoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh.——How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted over,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,
That now on Pompey's baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Caſ. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Caſ. Ay, every man away:
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt and beſt hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay:
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant, and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchſafe, that Antony
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter Antony.

Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come into this place,

He

He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Caſ. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæſar! Doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank:
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæſar. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in ſtrength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's,
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtruck him,
Have thns proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;——
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;——now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Caſca, yours;—
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.——
That I did love thee, Cæſar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall; and here thy hunters ſtand,
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart?
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ſtrucken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Caſ. Mark Antony,——

Ant. pardon me, Caius Caſſius:
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this;
Then in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing Cæſar ſo;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæſar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,
Why and wherein Cæſar was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle:
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the ſon of Cæſar,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeek:
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.

Caſ. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; Do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our Cæſar's death:
What Antony ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented, Cæſar ſhall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Caſ. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæſar's body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of Cæſar;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion;
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you ſhall ſpeak

In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators.*

Manet ANTONY.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,---
Which, like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;---
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſwell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You ſerve Octavius Cæſar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæſar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth,——
O Cæſar!— [*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Paſſion, I ſee, is catching; for mine eyes,

Seeing

Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet, ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have borne this corſe
Into the market place: there ſhall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young Octavius of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR's *body.*

SCENE II.

The Forum. Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *with the Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers.—
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let them ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
And public reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of Cæſar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Caſſius; and compare their reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS *with ſome of the Plebeians.* BRUTUS *goes into the Roſtrum.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is aſcended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe;
and be ſilent, that you may hear: believe me for mine
honour;

honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe: cenſure me in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus' love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer,—Not that I lov'd Cæſar leſs, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves, than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him: There are tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bond man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.—I pauſe for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhall do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter MARK ANTONY, *&c. with* CÆSAR's *Body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæſar.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.
1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and
Bru. My countrymen,— [clamours.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.
1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories: which Mark Antony
By our permiſſion is allowed to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit*
1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he ſay of Brutus?
3 *Pleb.* He ſays, for Brutus ſake,
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Pleb.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can ſay.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee that on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe: Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And ſure he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſapprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him!---
O judgment, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon!---Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters?
I fear there will a worſe come in his place. [crown;

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul? his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him; he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world: now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I ſhould

I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,
Who you all know are honourable men:
I will do them no wrong; I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf, and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the ſeal of Cæſar;
I found it in his cloſet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I muſt not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould, O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You ſhall read us the will; Cæſar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
I have o'erſhot myſelf to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar: I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the teſtament!

2 *Pleb.* They are villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—
Then make a ring about the corpſe of Cæſar,
And let me ſhew you him that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, Stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd:
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it;
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæſar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge: About,---Seek,----burn,—fire,—kill,---ſlay!---let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there: Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to ſpeak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood: I only ſpeak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to dō you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæſar ſo deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I muſt tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Moſt true;---the will;---let's ſtay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble Cæſar!---We'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæſar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his works,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this ſide Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar: When comes ſuch another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never:---come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!——How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæſar's houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtrait to viſit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter CINNA *the Poet, and after him, the Plebeians.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely,

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to anſwer every man directly, and briefly, wiſely, and truly. Wiſely I ſay, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæſar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend,

2 *Pleb.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conſpirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus' and to Caſſius', burn all. Some to Decius' houſe, and ſome to Caſca's, ſome to Ligarius: away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

On a ſmall iſland near Mutina. Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS.

ANTONY.

THESE many then ſhall die; their names are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too muſt die; Conſent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do conſent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius ſhall not live,
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, Mark Antony.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæſar's houſe;
Fetch the will hither; and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What, ſhall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you:
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them as the aſs bears gold,

To

To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius: and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-ſpirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things. Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtraight make heed:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretch'd out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Octa. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies:
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' *Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Drum. Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your maſter, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſts, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc.

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with Caſſius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Caſ. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Caſ. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them———

Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Caſſius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Caſ. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The inſide of BRUTUS' *Tent.* *Enter* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein,

Wherein, my letter, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, was ſlighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf, to write in ſuch a caſe.

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that ſpeak this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice' ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

Caſ. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Caſſius.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more; I ſhall forget myſelf:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Caſ. Is't poſſible?

Bru.

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?
Caſ. O ye gods! ye gods! Muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go ſhew your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Though it do ſplit you: for from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well: For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
Caſ. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I ſaid an elder ſoldier, not a better:
Did I ſay, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not?
Bru. No.
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhall be ſorry for;
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From

From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not:---he was but a fool,
That brought my anſwer back.---Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend ſhould bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practiſe them on me.

Caſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults,

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Caſ. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou did'ſt at Cæſar; for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.

O Caſſius,

O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Caſ. O Brutus!---

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

[*A noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Enter POET.

Caſ. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame you generals; what do you mean?
Love and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I am ſure, than ye.

Caſ. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jigging fools?—
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit* POET.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Caſ.

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you,
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Caſ. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.

Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Caſ. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſs'd you ſo?—
O inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?

Bru. Impatient of my abſence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong; for with her death
That tidings came;—With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And [illegible] attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.

Caſ. And dy'd ſo?

Bru. Even ſo.

Caſ. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*

Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter TITINIUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:——Welcome good Meſſala.——
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.

Caſ. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.——
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Meſ. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Meſ. That by proſcription, and bills of out-lawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred ſenators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, Cicero being one.

Caſ. Cicero one?

Meſ. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proſcription—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Meſſala.

Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Meſſala.

Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.

Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Meſ. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Meſ. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We muſt die, Meſſala:
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Meſ. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.

Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of Marching to Philippi preſently?

Caſ. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reaſon?

Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reaſons muſt, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.

Caſ. Hear me good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We at the height are ready to decline:
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea, are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Caſ. Then, with your will, go on; we will along
Ourſelves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity;
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay?

Caſ. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* Luc.] Farewell good Meſſala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Caſſius,
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caſ. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Meſ. Good night, lord Brutus,

Bru.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown,*

Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lie in my tent and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my brother Caſſius.

Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand and watch your plea-
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good ſirs; [ſure.
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Can'ſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't pleaſe you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.

Luc. I have ſlept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again:
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſic and a ſong.*
This is a ſleepy tune:—O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſic?—Gentle knave, good night,
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.—
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me ſee, let me ſee;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

Enter the Ghoſt of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!---Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakeneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition;
It comes upon me:---Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I ſhall ſee thee again?

Ghoſt. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at Philippi then.---
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.---
Boy! Lucius!---Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!---Clau-
Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe. [dius!

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.---
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, Lucius, that thou ſo cry'd'ſt out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt: Didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.---Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, ſirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my lord.

Bru.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Caſſius:
Bid him ſet on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their army.*

OCTAVIUS.

Now, Antony, our hopes are anſwer'd:
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To viſit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage:
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *&c.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.

Caſ. Stand faſt, Titinius: We muſt out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæſar, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have ſome words.

Octa. Stir not until the ſignal.

Bru. Words before blows? Is it ſo countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witneſs the hole you made in Cæſar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæſar!*

Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyleſs,

Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.

Bru. O, yes, and ſoundleſs too;
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wiſely, threat before you ſting,

Ant. Villains, you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of Cæſar:
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fann'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing Cæſar's feet;
Whilſt damned Caſca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæſar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Caſ. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourſelf:
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If Caſſius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cauſe: if arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæſar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæſar
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. Cæſar, thou can't not die by traitors's hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' ſword.

Bru.

Bru. O if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou could'ſt not die more honourable.

Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Caſſius ſtill!

Octa. Come, Antony; away.---
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and army.*

Caſ. Why now, blow, wind; ſwell, billow; and ſwim, bark!
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

[LUCILIUS *and* MESSALA *ſtand forth.*

[BRUTUS *ſpeaks apart to* LUCILIUS.

Luc. My lord.

Caſ. Meſſala.

Meſ. What ſays my general?

Caſ. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Caſſius born. Give me thy hand, Meſſala:
Be thou my witneſs, that againſt my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus ſtrong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldier's hands;
Who to Philippi here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghoſt.

Meſ. Believe not ſo,

Caſ. I but believe it partly ;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all perils very conſtantly.

Bru. Even ſo Lucilius.

Caſ. Now, moſt noble Brutus,
The gods to-day ſtand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers, in peace lead on our days to age !
But ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together :
What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himſelf;---I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life :—arming myſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.

Caſ. Then, if we loſe this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the ſtreets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Caſſius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, the ides of March begun :
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlaſting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Caſſius !
If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.---O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs, e'er it come !
But, it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.---Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarum. *Enter* BRUTUS, *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Meſſala, ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions on the other ſide: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride, Meſſala; let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarum. *Enter* CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Caſ. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This enſign here of mine was turning back;
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Caſſius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having ſome advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Caſſius, fly far off.
Caſ. This hill is far enough.——Look, look, Titinius;
Are thoſe my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Caſ. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And

And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again; even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.---

[*Exit* PINDARUS

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.---Sirrah, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.---Now, they are almost on him; now,
Titinius!---Now some 'light:---O, he 'lights too:---
He's ta'en:---and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down; behold no more.---
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.---Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit.

Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort Caſſius.
Meſ. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All diſconſolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Meſ. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Meſ. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Meſſala,
But Caſſius is no more.---O ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood Caſſius' day is ſet;
The ſun of Rome is ſet! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Meſ. Seek him, Titinius; whilſt I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thruſting this report
Into his ears; I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this ſight.
Tit. Hie you Meſſala,
And I will ſeek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit.* MES.
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave Caſſius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing.
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.---Brutus, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded Caius Caſſius.---
By your leave, gods: This is a Roman's part;
Come Caſſius' ſword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Meſſala, doth his body lie?
Meſ. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh Julius Cæſar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums*
Cato. Brave Titinius!---
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Caſſius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living ſuch as theſe?---
Thou laſt of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impoſſible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.——Friends, I owe more tears
To this good man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.---
I ſhall find time, Caſſius, I ſhall find time.---
Come, therefore, and to Thaſſos ſend his body;
His funeral ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us.---Lucilius, come;---
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.---
Labeo, and Flavius, ſet our battles on:---
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet e'er night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads!
Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
Enter Soldiers, and fight.
Bru. And am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country friend; know me for Brutus. [*Exit.*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'ſt as bravely as Titinius;
And may'ſt be honour'd being Cato's ſon.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou dieſt.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is ſo much that thou will kill me ſtraight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We muſt not.---A noble priſoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.---Here comes the general:

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himſelf.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth: keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And ſee whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius's tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field. Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Fru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.---
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Fru. Peace; then, no words,
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Fru. Hark thee, Dardanius!
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Fru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit; [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it,
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;---and you;—and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.——Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,

More

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within.* Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exit* CLI. DAR. *and* VOL.

Bru. Hence; I will follow.
I pr'ythee, Strato, ſtay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmack of honour in it:
Hold then thy ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt: Fare you well my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæſar, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.

[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY. MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Meſ. My maſter's man.—Strato, where is thy maſter;

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in Meſſala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus ſhould be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou haſt prov'd Lucilius' ſaying true.

Octa. All that ſerv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Meſſala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do ſo, good Meſſala.

Meſ. How died my maſter, Strato?

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might ſtand up.
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man!*

Octa. According to his virtue, let us uſe him,
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a ſoldier order'd honourably.—
So call the field to reſt: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar, } Triumvirs.
Æmilius Lepidus,
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus, } Friends of Antony.
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius, } Friends of Cæsar.
Thyreus,
Gallus,
Menas,
Menecrates, } Friends of Pompey.
Varrius,
Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.
Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
Alexas,
Mardian,
Seleucus, } Servants to Cleopatra.
Diomedes,
A Soothsayer: A Clown.

WOMEN.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
Octavia, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.
Charmian, } Attendants on Cleopatra.
Iras,
Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The *Scene* is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA's *Palace at Alexandria.* *Enter* DEMETRIUS, *and* PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypſy's luſt.---Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. *Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA *with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool: behold, and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:---The ſum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows

If

If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance---nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer; your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.---
Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's, I would ſay?---Both?---
Call in the meſſengers.---As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds ——The meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?——
I'll ſeem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.---
Now, for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: What ſport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger, but thine;---And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Laſt night you did deſire it:---Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO. *with their Train.*

Dem.

Dem. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with Antony.
Dem. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Palace. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothſayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the ſoothſayer that you prais'd ſo to the queen? O! that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt change his horns with garlands.
Alex. Soothſayer.
Sooth. Your will.
Char. Is this the man?---Is't you, Sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.
Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.
Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means, in fleſh.
Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his preſcience; be attentive.
Char. Huſh!
Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than belov'd.

Char.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage? find me to marry with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs!

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And foretel every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to-night, ſhall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chooſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worſe! and let worſe follow worſe,

worſe, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Iſis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Iſis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Huſh! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudden
A Roman thought hath ſtruck him.---Enobarbus---

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your ſervice.---My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt.*

Meſ. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother Lucius?

Meſ. Ay:
But ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt Cæſar;
Whoſe better iſſue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.---On:
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me.---'Tis thus;

Who

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mef. Labienus (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Aſia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner ſhook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilſt——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldſt ſay--

Mef. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.--Is there ſuch an one?

2 *Att.* He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.——
Theſe ſtrong Egyptian fetters I muſt break,

Enter a ſecond Meſſenger.

Or loſe myſelf in dotage.--What are you?

2 *Mef.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

2 *Mef.* In Sicyon:
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.--- [*Exit Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone? Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf: ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch.--How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your

old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat:---and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe: I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome,
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæſar, and commands
The empire of the ſea: our ſlippery people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his ſon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality, going on,
The ſides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:——
I did not ſend you;---If you find him ſad,

Say,

Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick: Quick, and return. [*Exit* ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.---

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long; the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt queen ——

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman?---You may go;
'Would ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; her's you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know---

Cleo O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra---

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet queen---

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you ſu'd ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;---

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brow's bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

Thy

Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt,

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;——
But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my ſword—

Cleo. And target---Still he mends;
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part---but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd---but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would---
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your ſword

Sit laurell'd victory! and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR's *Palace in Rome.* *Enter* OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly give audience, or
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners: You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tippling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: ſay, this becomes him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh), yet muſt Antony
No way excuſe his ſoils, when we do bear

So

So great weight in his lightneſs: If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound ſuch time---
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours---'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs:—
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Meſ. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: The borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæſ. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels. When thou once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa, conſuls, at thy heel

Did

Did famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer: Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'ſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' the field; and, to that end,
Aſſemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To 'front this preſent time.

Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you ſhall know mean time
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian---

Char. Madam.

Cleo.

Cleo. Ha, ha---Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much

Cleo. O, 'tis treaſon!

Char. Madam, I truſt, not ſo.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing; I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Haſt thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
O happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horſe! for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The Demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.---He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?*
For ſo he calls me;---Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon:---Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæſar,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With

With his tinct gilded thee.——
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl;-- His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter: at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the eaſt,
Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided diſpoſition!---Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!---Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry.
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.---Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.——
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?
Char. O that brave Cæſar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæſar!

Cleo.

Cleo. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My ſallad days!
When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaid then!---But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper; he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Meſſina. POMPEY'S *Houſe.* *Enter* POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pompey.

IF the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Men. Know, worthy Pompey.
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pomp. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Men. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pomp. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts: Lepidius flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, Sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dullness.---How now, Varrius?

Enter VARNIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up

The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *Enter* ENOBARBUS, *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not Shav't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time.
Serves for the matter that is then borne in it.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt,
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony,

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS,

Eno. And yonder, Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.
Cæſ. I do not know,
Mecænas; aſk Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trival difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſty beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.

Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir!

Cæſ. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world · more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæſar,
What was't to you?

Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from ſome true reports,
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o' the world is your's; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, e'er admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of our oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,

Suppoſing that I lack'd it :---But on, Cæſar ;---
The article of my oath——

Cæſ. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them ;
The which you both deny'd

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the preſent need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or. if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only ; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your conſiderate ſtone.

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech ; for it cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar——

Cæſ. Speak Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia ; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.
Ant. I am not married, Cæſar: let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæſar ſpeak?
Cæſ. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would, *Agrippa be it ſo*,
To make this good?
Cæſ. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment!---Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!
Cæſ. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword againſt Pompey;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæſ. About the mount Miſenum.

Ant. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together! Haſte we for it:
Yet, e'er we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt* CÆS. ANT. *and* LEP.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir; we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt; which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
O'er picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature: on each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diverſe colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,

It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And for his ordinary pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the public ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.

Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſſed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.---
Good Enobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them*; *Attendants and a ſoothſayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir.---My Octavia,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare: but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæſ. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæs. *and* Octa.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Egypt.

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, Cæſar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's.
Therefore, O Antony, ſtay not by his ſide:
Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæſar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him:---
[*Exit ſoothſayer.*
He ſhall to Parthia.---Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints

Under

Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
Enter VENTIDIUS.
I' the eaſt my pleaſure lies.---O, come, Ventidius,
You muſt to Parthia; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame; A ſtreet, *Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your ſtay is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Sir, good ſucceſs!
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria. *Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me ſome muſic; muſic, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Omnes.

Omnes. The muſic, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is ſhew'd, though it come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle—We'll to the river: there,
My muſic playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes: my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!——O times!——
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Meſ. Madam, madam—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If ſo thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; We uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Meſ. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodneſs in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful---ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings! If not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, e'er thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And friends with Cæſar.

Cleo. Thou art an honeſt man.

Meſ. Cæſar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet, madam---

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæſar;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.

Meſ. Free, madam! no; I made no ſuch report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Meſ. For the beſt turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Meſ. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*

Meſ. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you ?---Hence, [*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain ! or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou had'ſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*
Meſ. Nay, then I'll run :---
What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt.---
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents !---Call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :---Call.
Char. He is afeared to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him :---
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf; ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe.---Come hither, Sir.
Re-enter Meſſenger.
Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married ?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, Yes.
Meſ. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee ! doſt thou hold there ſtill?

Meſ. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didſt;
So half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly. He is married!

Meſ. I crave your highneſs' pardon.

Cleo. He is married!

Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of!---Get thee hence:
The merchandiſe, which thou haſt brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Char. Good your highneſs, patience.

Cleo. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd Cæſar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras! Charmian!---'Tis no matter:---
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:---bring me word quickly.---
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go:-- Let him not---Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he is a Mars:---Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is.——Pity me, Charmian,
But do not ſpeak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Miſenum. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one Door, with Drum and Trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pomp. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pomp. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon, and friends; ſince Julius Cæſar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? And
What made, all-honour'd, honeſt, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whoſe burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To ſcourge the ingratitude that deſpightful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.
Cæſ. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, Pompey, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea: at land, thou know'ſt
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'ercount me of my father's houſe:
But, ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the preſent), how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates: then, to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to ſome impatience:—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, You muſt know,
When Cæſar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpoſe, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh fortune caſts upon my face;

But

But in my boſom ſhall ſhe never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope ſo, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written,
And ſeal'd between us.

Cæſ. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feaſt each other e'er we part; and let us
Draw lots, who ſhall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot: but, firſt,
Or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæſar
Grew fat with feaſting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then ſo much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried———

Eno. No more of that:—He did ſo.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæſar in a mattreſs.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'ſt thou, ſoldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feaſts are toward.

Pomp. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, Sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* ENOB. *and* MEN.

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—
You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, Sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, Sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar; and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Near Mount Miſenum. On board POMPEY's *Galley. Muſic plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

A Sennet

A Sennet ſounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pomp. Sit—and ſome wine.——A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramiſes are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [*Aſide.*
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.---This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant.

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To* MENAS *aſide.*] Go, hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

Pomp. [*Riſes, and walks aſide.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To* MENAS.[Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: What's elſe to ſay?—
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pomp. How ſhall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
Are in thy veſſel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
And not have ſpoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,

I ſhould

I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him aſhore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill, 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears.
The third part of the world, man; See'ſt not?

Men. The third part then he is drunk: 'Would it were
That it might go on wheels! [all,

Eno. Drink thou; increaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the veſſels, ho!
Here is to Cæſar!

Cæſ. I could well forbear it.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs it,
I will make anſwer: but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANT.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.——
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſic:—

The

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing;
The holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſic plays.* ENO. *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us 'till the world go round;
Cup us 'till the world go round!

Cæſ. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the ſhore.

Ant. And ſhall, Sir: give's your hand.

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's houſe,
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
Menas, I'll not on ſhore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
Theſe drums!—theſe trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.

[*Sound a Flouriſh, with Drums.*

Eno. Ho, ſays 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after conqueſt; with* SILIUS *and other Romans, and the dead Body of* PACORUS *born before him.*

VENTIDIUS.

Now, darting Parthia, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Craſſus's death
Make me revenger.---Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army ---Thy Pacorus, Orodes!
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; ſpur through Media,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head

Ven. O Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve's away.
Cæſar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſons: Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a ſoldier, and his ſword,
Grants ſcarce diſtinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have affected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens: whither with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with us will permit,
We ſhall appear before him.—On, there; paſs along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. CÆSAR'S *Houſe.* *Enter* AGRIPPA *at one Door,* ENOBARBUS *at another.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have diſpatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are ſealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæſar is ſad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæſar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæſar, Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæſar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay—Cæſar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves Cæſar beſt;---Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæſar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle. So---
This is to horſe.---Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier! and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, Sir.

Cæſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf;
Uſe me well in it.---Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furtheſt band
Shall paſs on thy aproof.---Moſt noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæſ. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæſ. Farewell, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort; fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!---

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on:---Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and---

Cæſ. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæſar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What whillingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæſ. No, ſweet Octavia,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæſ. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way?

Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*Kiſſes* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to; Come hither, Sir.

Enter Meſſenger.

Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.--Come thou near.

Meſ. Moſt gracious majeſty---

Cleo. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?

Meſ. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where!

Meſ. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?

Meſ. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?

Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak: ſhe is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not ſo good:---he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Iſis! 'tis impoſſible.

Cleo. I think ſo, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and [dwarfiſh!---
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.

Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life;
A ſtatute, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:---There's nothing in her yet;---
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.

Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?---Charmain, hark.

Mef. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?
Mef. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo.---Her hair, what colour?
Mef. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it,
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:---
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much,
That I ſo harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him
This creature's no ſuch thing. [know.
Char. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould
Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis, elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long? [mian:---
Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good Char-
But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

ANTONY'S *Houſe at Athens. Enter* ANTONY, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that---
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import---but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke ſcantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour; cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me:

When the beſt hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth,

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between, [preſently
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me
When I ſhall pray, *O, bleſs my lord and huſband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bleſs my brother? Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: If I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not your's,
Than your's ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us: the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain your brother: Make your ſooneſt haſte;
So your deſires are your's.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chooſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Enter ENOBARBUS, *and* EROS.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's ſtrange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæſar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the ſucceſs?

Eros. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt Pompey, preſently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, ſeizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden---thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidius!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæſar. More, Domitius;
My lord deſires you preſently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.---Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. CÆSAR'S *House.* *Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria---here's the manner of it---
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishmet of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common-shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should

Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidius was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long e'er she did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath aſſembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger liſt of ſceptres.

Octa. Ay me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæſ. Welcome hither;
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.

Octa. Is it ſo, Sir?

Cæſ. Moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My deareſt ſiſter! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

ANTONY's *Camp, near the Promontory of Actium. Enter* CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply:———
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo.

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the beſt of men,
To taunt at ſlackneſs.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea! What elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his 'vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well man'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs; in Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare; your's, heavy: No diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd foot-men; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn;
And, with the reſt full-man'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæſar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy buſineſs?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible;
Strange, that his power ſhould be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe!—We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy ſoldier?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by ſea;
Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. *and* ENO.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions, as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and throws forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The ſame. A Plain. Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, &c.*

Cæſ. Taurus.——

Taur. My lord.

Cæſ. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroll: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o' the hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noiſe of a Sea-Fight. Alarum. Enter* ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder——
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide, like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribald nag of Egypt,
Whom leproſy o'ertake! i' the midſt o' the fight---
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

Both

Both as the ſame, or rather our's the elder——
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſsly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæſar will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, *with* EROS, *and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon t;
It is asham'd to bear me!---Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:---I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.---Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.---O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.---Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:---
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:---I'll see you by and by.

Enter EROS *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:---Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no!
Eros. See you here, Sir?
Ant. O fye, fye, fye!
Char. Madam———
Iras. Madam; O good empreſs!——
Eros. Sir, Sir——
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;---He, at Philippi, kept
His ſword even like a dancer; while I ſtruck
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war: Yet now---No matter.
Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen!
Iras. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him;
He is unquality'd with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then---Suſtain me:---O!
Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither haſt thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after: O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge

And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a kiſs;
Even this repays me.---We ſent our ſchool-maſter;
Is he come back?---Love, I am full of lead:---
Some wine, there, and our viands:——Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

CÆSAR's *Camp, in Egypt. Enter* CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *with others.*

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from Antony---
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchool-maſter:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from ANTONY.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be it ſo; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private

A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From Egypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Diſpatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promiſe, [*To* THYREUS.
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: Women are not,
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled

From

From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion: 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen ſhall then have courteſy,
So ſhe will yield us up.

Amb. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know it.---
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' the command of Cæſar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and Ambaſſador.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhew
Againſt a ſworder.—I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!---Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?---See, my women!
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds.---Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare. [*Aſide.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:---Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' the ſtory.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæſar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; ſay boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæſar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæſar pleaſes, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whoſe he is, we are; and that is, Cæſar's.

Thyr. So.---
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; Cæſar entreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is Cæſar.

Cleo. Go on: Right Royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is moſt right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be ſure of that, [*Aſide.*
I will aſk Antony.---Sir, Sir, thou art ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit.* ENO.

Thyr.

Thyr. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourſelf under his ſhroud,
The univerſal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this; In diſputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I tm prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe,
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæſar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter ANTONY, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!---
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd. [devils!

Ant. Approach, there:---Ah, you kite!---Now gods and
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, ho!
Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!---
Whip him:---Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So Saucy with the hand of ſhe here (What's her name,
Since ſhe was Cleopata?)---Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony---

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:---This Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.---

[*Exeunt Attendants, with* THYREUS.

You were half blaſted e'er I knew you:---Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord---

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:---
But when we in our vicioufneſs grow hard
(O miſery on't!) the wiſe gods ſeal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cleo. O! is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead Cæſar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxurioufly pick'd out:---For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!---O, that I were

Upon

Upon the hill of Baſan, to out-roar
The horned herd! for I have ſavage cauſe;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.---Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

Attend. He did aſk favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.---Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time moſt eaſy 'tis to do't;
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abiſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,

And poiſon it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! The next Cæſarion ſmite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am ſatisfy'd:
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart?---Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle---
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, ſince my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars.---Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO.

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,

The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart: When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR, *reading a Letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *&c.*

Cæſar.

He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my meſſenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.

Cæſ. Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight:---Within our files there are
Of thoſe that ſerv'd Mark Antony but late
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace at Alexandria. Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike; and cry, *Take all.*
Ant. Well ſaid; come on---
Call forth my houſehold ſervants; let's to-night
Enter Servants.
Be bounteous at our meal.---Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt;---ſo haſt thou;---
And thou;--and thou;--and thou:--you have ſerv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow
Out of the mind. [ſhoots
Ant. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangled ſhadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay 'till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't?

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd: for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe:
For I ſpake to you for your comfort; did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper; come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Palace. Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*They place themselves on every Corner of the Stage.*
2 *Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
[*Music of Hautboys under the Stage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Ay! Is't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.
Omnes. Content:---'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CLEOPATRA's *Palace.* *Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with* CHARMIAN, *and others.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.---Eros, come! mine armour! Eros!

Enter EROS, *with Armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on :---
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her.——Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart :—Falſe, falſe! this, this!

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : Thus it muſt be.

Ant. Well, well;
We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
To doff it for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.---
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my queen's a ſquire
More tight at this, than thou : Diſpatch.---O love,
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation! thou ſhould'ſt ſee

Enter an Officer armed.

A workman in't.---Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love, we riſe betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.---Good morrow, general!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.---
So, ſo; come, give me that: this way; well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukable, [*Kiſſes her.*
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
One more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now,

Now, like a man of ſteel.---You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe; I'll bring you to't.---Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *Officers, &c.*

Char. Pleaſe you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony---But now---Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Near Alexandria. Trumpets ſound. Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once pre-
To make me fight at land! [vail'd

Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.

Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Moſt certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:

Say,

Say, that I wish he never find more cause,
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp. *Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *with* ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *&c.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Beſt you ſafed the bringer
Out of the hoſt; I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſef. Your emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't I feel.
I fight againſt thee!——No: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before the walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and others.*

Agr. Retire; we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleedſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire,

Scar. We'll beat him into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir; and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria. Alarum. Enter ANTONY *again in a March.* SCARUS, *with others,*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gueſts.---To-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have ſhewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears,
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale, [grey
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown; yet have
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can [we
Get

Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus's car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR'S *Camp.* *Enter a Centinel, and his Company.* ENOBARBUS *follows.*

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 *Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night!—

2 *Sold.* What man is this?

1 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

Cent.

Cent. Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

1 *Sold.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.

2 *Sold.* Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps

Cent. Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Sold.* Go we to him.

2 *Sold.* Awake Sir, awake; ſpeak to us.

1 *Sold,* Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.---
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note: our hour is fully out.

2 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS, *with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparrtion is to-day by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land:

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall ſtay with us: order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take it, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does ſtand,
I ſhall diſcover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's ſails their neſts: the augurers
Say, they know not——they cannot tell;——look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is loſt;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
O ſun! thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we ſhake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets

On bloſſoming Cæſar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this falſe ſoul of Egypt! this grave charm—
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end—
Like a right gipſey, hath at faſt and looſe,
Beguild me to the very heart of loſs.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou ſpell! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?

Ant. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex; moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone—

[*Exit* CLEOPATRA.

If it be well to live: But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!———
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die?
To the young Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

CLEOPATRA's *Palace.* *Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield; the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo emboſs'd.

Char.

Char. To the monument;
There look yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death—to the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Enter ANTONY, *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.---O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once;
And that ſhe hath diſcharg'd: What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
The name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:---That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go,---Off, pluck off;---

[*Exit* MARDIAN.

The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent;
Crack thy frail caſe!---Apace, Eros, apace.---
No more a ſoldier;---Bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.---From me a while.---

[*Exit* EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture:---Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: Seal then, and all is done.---
Eros!---I come, my queen.---Eros!---Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze:

Dido

Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.--Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman, leſs noble mind
Than ſhe, which by her death, our Cæſar tells,
I am conqueror of myſelf. Thou art ſworn, Eros,
That when the exigent ſhould come (which now
Is come, indeed), when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'ſt kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'Tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not!

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. O, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee--- [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it

Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor! let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man;---and farewel.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:---Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
[EROS *kills himſelf.*
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, O valiant Eros! what
I ſhould, and thou couldſt not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave inſtruction, got upon me
A nobleneſs in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his Sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead! not dead!---
The guard?---how!---O, diſpatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and guards.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to Cæſar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man?

[*Exit*, DERCETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now my lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with Cæſar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead;
But, fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late. prithee.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All, Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt bearing* ANT.

SCENE XIII.

A Monument. *Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS, *above.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
Enter DIOMEDES.
As that which makes it.---How now? is he dead.
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.
Enter ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*
Cleo. O ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!---darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' the world!---O Antony
Antony! Antony!
Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help, help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itſelf.
Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis ſo!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.---
Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Leſt I be taken: not the imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall

Be

Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony---
Help me, my women---we muſt draw thee up;---
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport indeed!---How heavy weighs my lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little---
Wiſhers were ever fools;---O, come, come, come!—
[*They draw* ANTONY *up to* CLEOPATRA.
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou haſt liv'd:
Quicken with kiſſing;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe houſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet queen:
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, with your ſafety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:———
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greateſt prince o' the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman

Valiantly

Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more— [ANTONY *dies.*

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſty?—O, ſee, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone;
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietneſs, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam—

Iras. Royal Egypt! empreſs!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras,

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares.—It were for me
To throw my ſceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
E'er death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good Sirs, take heart:—
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off* ANTONY's *Body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR's *Camp.* *Enter* CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and Train.*

Cæſar.

Go to him, Dolabella; bid him yield:
Being ſo fruſtrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauſes that he makes.

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Enter DERCETAS, *with the Sword of* ANTONY.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy,
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
I'll be to Cæſar; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

Der. I ſay, O Cæſar! Antony is dead.

Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæſar;
Not by a public miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his ſword;

I robb'd

I robb'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To waſh the eyes of kings.
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity: but you, gods! will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament.
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle---that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould divide
Our equalneſs to this.---Hear me, good friends---
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;

Enter an Egyptian.

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he ſays.---Whence are you?
Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet: The queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke,
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along.---Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings; Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Monument. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being fortune; he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.---

Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *&c.*

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency; and you ſhall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aſide.*] You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd;

[*Here* GALLUS *and Guard aſcend the Monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæſar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!---

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a Dagger.*

PROCULEIUS *ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.*

Pro.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuſe our maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, Sir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither: This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do Cæſar what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in Cæſar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her.—
To Cæſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exit* PROCULEIUS.

Dol. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe you—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein ſtuck
A ſun, and moon; which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight: 'Would I might never

O'ertake

O'ertake purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you, what Cæſar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir——
Dol. Though he be honourable——
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.
All. Make way there——Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, MECÆNAS, PROCULEIUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [CLEO. *kneels.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you, riſe; riſe, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents
(Which towards you are moſt gentle), you ſhall find
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis your's, and we
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good lord.
Caſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am poſſeſs'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſure; let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather ſeal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæſar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be your's;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, your's would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:---O ſlave of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd!---What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog!
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this;
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their meditation; muſt I be unfolded

With

With one that I have bred The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To* SELEUCUS.
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through the aſhes of my chance:---Wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæſ. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it your's,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your priſons: no, dear queen;
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And ſo, adieu.

Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!

Cæſ. Not ſo: Adieu, [*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to myſelf: But hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whiſpers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finiſh, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, Sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria

Intends

Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on Cæſar. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: Saucy lictors,
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and ſcald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra boy my greatneſs
I' the poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I am ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My beſt attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.——
Now, noble Charmian, we'll diſpatch indeed:
And, when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till doomſday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noiſe? [*A Noiſe within.*

Enter

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor inſtrument
[*Exit Guard.*
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Baſket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lie; as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty: how ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt---Truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do; But this is moſt fallible, the worm is an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

Clown.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forſooth; I wiſh you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.——Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath: Huſband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air: my other elements
I give to baſer life.—So—have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, a long farewell.
[*Applying the Aſp.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? Doſt fall? [*To* IRAS.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [IRAS *dies.*

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intinſicate [*To the Aſp.*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. O, couldſt thou ſpeak,

That

That I might hear thee call great Cæſar, aſs
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:———
[*Applying another Aſp to her Arm.*
What, ſhould I ſtay——— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.
Now boaſt thee, death! in my poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd—Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæſar hath ſent——

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.—[CHARMIAN *applies the Aſp.*
O, come; apace, diſpatch:---I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæſar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella ſent from Cæſar;---call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?--Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal kings.
Ah, ſoldier! [CHARMIAN *dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter CÆSAR *and Attendants.*

Within. A way there, a way for Cæſar!

Dol. O, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer!
That you did fear, is done.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Braveſt at the laſt:
She level'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.---The manner of their deaths?---
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæſar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden drop'd.

Cæſ. O noble weakneſs!—
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breaſt
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail; and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.---Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:---
She ſhall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.---Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF VOL. VI.

BRITISH MUSEUM 19N072